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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

DO YOU WANT A WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR COIN OR AN OAK TABLE?

See Fourth and Fifth Pages.

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Poetry.

Published by request.

THE STATION AGENT'S STORY

Take a seat in the shade, here, lady,
It's tiresome, I know, to wait,
But when the train reached Verona
It's always sure to be late;
'Specially when anyone's waitin'.
Been gatherin' flowers, I see?
Ah, well! they're better company
Than a rough old fellow like me.

You noticed the graves 'neath the willows,
Down there where the blossoms grew?
Well, yes, there's a story about them,
Almost too strange to be true;
'Tis a stranger, sweeter story,
Than was ever written in books;
And God made the ending so perfect—
There, now I see by your looks

I will have to tell the story:
Let me see; 'twas eight years ago
One blusterin' night in winter
When the air was just thick with snow;
As the freight came round the curve there,
They beheld a man on the track,
Bravin' the storm before him; but
Not heedin' the foe at his back.

And, ere a hand could grasp the bell rope,
Or a finger reach the rod,
One sweep from the cruel snow-plow
Had sent the man's soul to its God!
They laid him out here in the freight house
And I stayed with him that night,
He'd one of the pleasantest faces,
So hopeful, young and bright.

There was only a worn out letter;
I know it by heart—it said:
"Dear John; baby May grows finely.
I send you this curl from her head
We will meet at Brackenboro',
The grandfather's sad and lone,
But I read him your kind words, saying,
When we've a home of our own,

He shall sing the songs of old England
Beneath our own willow tree."
That was all there was of it, lady,
And 'twas signed just "Alice Leigh."
So we made a grave in the morning
And buried the man our there
Alone, unmourned, in a stranger's land,
With only a stranger's prayer.

But when he'd slept in his lonely grave
Out there, nigh onto a year,
Ray's freight ran into a washout
By the culvert, away down here.
There was only two passengers that night,
Dead, when we found them there—
A sweet little English woman,
And a baby with golden hair.

On her breast lay the laughing baby,
With its rosy finger tips
Still warm, and the fair young mother
With a frozen smile on her lips.
We laid them out there in the freight house,
I stayed that night with the dead;
I shall never forget the letter
We found in her purse; it said:

"Dear Alice; praise God I've get here—
I'll soon have a home for you now;
And you must come with the baby,
As soon as you can, anyhow.
Comfort the grandfather, and tell him
That by and by he shall come
And sing the songs of old England,
'Neath the willows beside our home;

For, close to the door of our cottage,
I'll set out a willow tree,
For his sake and the sake of old England,
Lovingly yours, John Leigh."

The tears filled my eyes as I read it,
But I whispered—"God is just!"
For I knew the true heart yonder—
Then only a handful of dust—
Had drawn this sweet little woman
Right here, and God's merciful love
Had taken her from the sorrow
To the glad reunion above.

So, close by the grave of the other,
We laid her away to rest;
The golden-haired English mother
With the baby upon her breast.
I planted those trees above them,
For I knew their story, you see;
And I thought their rest would be sweeter
'Neath their own loved willow tree.

Five years rolled along, and lady,
My story may now seem to you
Like a wonderful piece of fiction,
But I tell you it is true.
As true as—that God is above us!
One summer day, hot and clear,
As the train rolled into the station
And stopped to change engines here,

Among a company of Mormons
Came a tremblin', white-haired man,
He asked me with voice very eager,
"Will you tell me, sir, if you can,
Of a place called Brackinboro'?
And how far have I to go?"
"It's the next station north," I answered,
"Only thirteen miles below."

His old face lit up for a moment,
With a look of joy complete;
Then he threw up his hands toward heaven,
And dropped dead at my feet!
"Old Hugh Leigh is dead," said a Mormon,
"And sights o' trouble he's be'n,
Nothin' would do when we started,
But that he must come out with us then

To find Alice, John and the baby;
And his heart was well nigh broke
With waitin' and watchin' in England
For letters they never wrote."
So we buried him there with the others,
Beneath the willow tree.
'Twas God's way of ending the story—
More perfect than man's could be!

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Miscellany.

TOOK BLAINE'S ADVICE.

How Congressman Boutelle Drifted Into Journalism and Prominence—Senator Peffer's Career.

Boutelle, of Maine, is a newspaper man. He has a paper of his own, and so may be said to have reached the summit of journalistic ambition. He has the reputation of being more vigorous with his pen than any other editorial writer in the state of Maine, and sometimes when he feels deeply on a question his forcible utterances have shaken the Pine Tree commonwealth from Calais to Kittery. When the fusionists stole the state in 1878 he showed the iniquity up in so glaring a light and displayed such splendid fighting qualities that the Bangor Whig became the standard about which his party rallied. Then they nominated him for Congress by acclamation. This gives an interest to the story he tells of the way in which he drifted into journalism. It turned on a very narrow chance.

C. A. BOUTELLE.

Boutelle followed the sea as a boy, and served through the war in the navy. Then he went to New York to make money. He tried the commission business, but didn't take to it. One summer he met John Russell Young, who was in the hey-day of his fame as managing editor of the Tribune, and he thought he would like to be an editor, too. Here is the way he tells the rest of it:

"I wrote to Speaker Blaine. I didn't know him especially well, but he was an old friend of the family, and I wanted him to tell me if he thought I was going to make an idiot of myself by undertaking a thing for which I had no knack. I didn't expect much from him, but I got a long, encouraging letter. He told me to get out of New York. He advised me to come back to Maine and run a daily. That fairly took my breath away. The idea of handling a paperof my own had never entered my head and I wrote Mr. Blaine that he rated me altogether too high. I had better do a little writing for somebody else and learn something about the business before I tried to run a paper by myself. He replied that I would amount to a good deal more away from the city and that John Lynde wanted a young man to take charge of the Bangor Whig, says the New York Recorder.

"So I went to Bangor on Blaine's recommendation, and I felt ...e a sneak thief because I thought I was imposing on the man who owned the paper. I eased my conscience by making him agree to a contract to be terminated on notice of either party, and, on those conditions, I took hold, with a five months' contract. There was one other man in the office. That was Ed. Perry, who afterwards went to the Boston Herald. He did all the reporting. I was the editor, and was to write an editorial a day, and look after the general news. Imagine my feelings when Perry went out of town in two days, and left me to get out that paper all by myself. All I knew was what I had picked up by looking over Perry's shoulder. For a week I hustled. I brushed around after local items awhile every day. As evening came on, I had to rack my brains for an editorial subject, and when that was off my mind, I had to look after the telegraph and the make-up. I hustled for twenty hours a day, and was breathless every minute of the time. I couldn't catch up with anything, and I felt like a squirrel in a whirling cage. If I hadn't had my wife and baby, I should have resigned a dozen times in the first six days. I wanted to do something great. I thought I ought to thunder on the editorial page. But I couldn't get the chance. I had to sit down and write in a hurry, just as if I were talking to somebody, and that wasn't the thing at all. I was pretty well discouraged, and used to dodge people on the street. I thought everybody must recognize what a funk I had made. One day a leading lawyer shot out on the court-house steps just as I was sneaking past. It was too late to dodge. He hailed me, and I had to stop. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Boutelle,' he said, cordially. 'I want to thank you for that editorial this morning. We haven't been used to that sort of force and positiveness here. Keep it up. We like it.'

"That was a revelation. I said to myself that I wasn't a failure after all, and that I had better keep on writing as I talked if that seemed to suit. Then I lit out in my own way. In four years I bought the paper. Ten years from the time I turned up in Bangor I was nominated for Congress. And here I am.

Peffer is another newspaper man, but Peffer climbed up the royal road. Four or five years ago he was doing editorials for the Topeka Capital. They were red-hot Republican editorials and they sizzled with protection. Then some men in Topeka thought they would start a paper for the farmers. They called it the Kansas Farmer and they intended to keep it out of politics. They looked around for an editor to talk crops with the grangers, and they found Peffer. They gave a little bigger salary, and he turned his pen to the service of agriculture. Just then the Farmers' Alliance sprang into existence. It wasn't a political organization, and Peffer thought it would be a fine scheme to make the Farmer its state organ. That pleased all the owners; but when politics began to creep into the Alliance and Peffer indicated an intention to follow into the new field, there was a split among the stockholders. The Alliance men were in the majority. Peffer had his way, and he came out as a most rampant advocate of all the third party vagaries. Within two months he had become famous in Kansas, but his name had not reached Washington. He propounded a series of questions for Ingalls to answer, and when a newspaper man went to the Senator with the list, the statesman read them over contemptuously and then inquired with an ironical inflection, "Who is this man Peffer, anyhow?" Six months later "this man Peffer" was occupying Mr. Ingalls's seat in the Senate, and all because he knew how to write the kind of editorials that go.

A Russian Romance.

Some of the romantic events set forth in Donizetti's opera The Daughter of the Regiment, are paralleled in a story from St. Petersburg. In one of Russia's little wars against troublesome tribes some twenty years ago the soldiers of the Kekholmsky regiment found on the battlefield after an engagement the body of a woman with a little girl baby clasped in her arms. The child was adopted by the regiment and named Maria Kekholmskaya. She was educated at the expense of the regiment, has always lived with it, and been in every sense the daughter of the regiment. Some little time ago Lieutenant Schlemmer, of the Tzumsky Dragoons, fell in love with the young woman. He proposed, and the whole regiment, acting as her father, considered his proposal, investigated his character, and received testimonials from his brother officers. He was graciously accepted, and the couple are to be wedded shortly with the interesting ceremony that befits the character of the case.

Feminine Perfection.

The people of Montana seem to have precipitated an unexpected discussion as to feminine perfection. Dr. Sargent, of the Harvard gymnasium, has measured nearly ten thousand women who were perfect as to health, strength and general development, but his results were not such that he is willing to affirm that there is such a thing as a "perfect feminine figure." He took as his standard the average of each of the measurements made for the whole 10,000 and then compared the lines of each with that. Each was found to vary in some ways; some more than others but all in a marked degree. It was a Pennsylvania young woman who carried away the prize which was offered for coming the nearest to physical perfection. —Boston Journal.

Sharp Practice.

Land values increase so rapidly in New York that it is easy to mortgage such property pretty well up to the selling value, and this fact has opened the way to an ingenious method of something very like swindling. A, representing himself as the agent of B, purchases desirable vacant land for say $175,000, and before papers pass B sells the same to A at $225,000. B then, upon the strength of this transaction, obtains a mortgage of $200,000 upon the property. Of course, A and B are in collusion, and the original purchaser really represented both, while the second transaction was solely for the purpose of establishing a price upon which the mortgage could be obtained.—New York Sun.

An Impossible Event.

"They say Cholly has softening of the brain."

"I can not conceive it possible."

"Why not?"

"Because his brain can not become any softer than it always has been."—New York Press.

Why They Are Criminals.

"Papa," asked the editor's little boy, "why does the government keep worrying those poor moonshine distillers down South?"

"Because they tried to do business without advertising."—Indianapolis Journal.

Force of Habit.

The Magician—Will some gentleman in the audience kindly lend me his watch?

The Chicago audience then rose to its feet with one accord and threw up its hands.—Chicago Nws-Record.

Enjoyment All Around.

Brownleigh (visiting friends in the country.)—I don't often get such a good supper.

Johnnie—Neither do we.—Life.

Taught by Experience.

Cleverton—"Back so soon? I thought you intended to stay in Boston a week?"

Dashaway—"My dear boy, I had never been there when I made that remark."—Brandon Banner.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT

THE PROCEEDINGS IN DETAIL

Of the Work of the Electoral College—How the Votes Are Guarded and How They Are Counted.

Before midnight on the 8th of last November the cry had gone up from thousands of exultant Democrats, "Cleveland is Elected!" and other thousands of Republicans repeated the sentence in a minor key, and with a different accent. All were wrong. Cleveland was not elected, and, under the constitution of the United States, his election has not yet been officially declared. The machinery of the electoral college is again in motion, after a four years' rest, and at this moment messengers are speeding across the continent to Washington from every state capital, bearing the votes of the electors of the different states as cast last Monday.

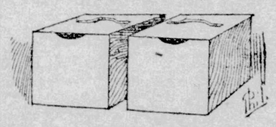
For a democratic republic there is much red tape in the choosing of a President by the electoral college. The whole machinery is cumbrous, but it has its good points, and, after all, the practical people of America like a certain amount of imposing dignity, even if it is useless and expensive. Now that the electors of the several states have voted for President and Vice President, there

SAFE IN WHICH ELECTORAL VOTES ARE KEPT, VICE PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER.

will be a lull in the electoral college machinery until Wednesday, the 8th of February, when the two houses of Congress will meet in joint session to count the votes, and Vice President Morton will declare the result.

The quaint old process of electing a President is known in detail to but a small number of voters, for, though the constitution tells how it is to be done, it merely outlines the work, and custom has done the rest.

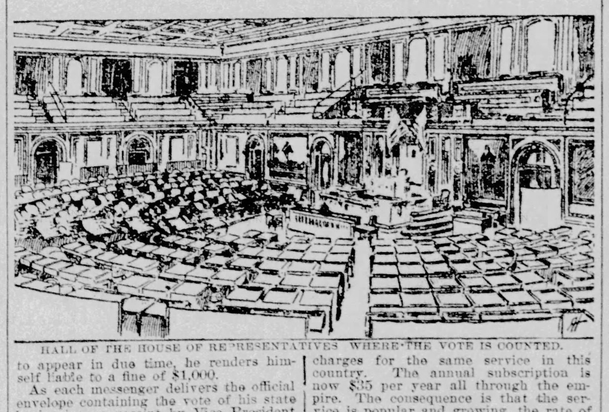
The messengers from each state now on their way to Washington with certified statements of votes cast in their respective states, not only have the honor of being bearers of important mes-



THE ELECTORAL BOXES.

sages, but receive 25 cents a mile traveled one way from the state capitals. This service costs more than $12,000, for some of these messengers travel many miles, the one from Olympia, Washington, drawing $1,000 for mileage, and the one from Portland, Oregon, $980. Another certified copy of the result in each state is sent to Vice President Morton by mail, and still another copy is deposited with the resident judge of the district in which the electoral college meets.

Should the messenger fail to deliver his message to the Vice President, and the copy mailed fail to reach him, a messenger, clothed with proper authority, will journey to the judge and convey to Washington the copy held by that functionary. This it has never been necessary to do, for, should a messenger fail



HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WHERE THE VOTE IS COUNTED.

to appear in due time, he renders himself liable to a fine of $1,000.

As each messenger delivers the official envelope containing the vote of his state he is given a receipt by Vice President Morton, which reads:

Vice President's Chamber, Senate U. S., Washington, ——, 1893.

Received of ——, claiming to be a messenger to deliver the same, a sealed package purporting to contain a certificate of the votes given for President and Vice President of the United States by the electors of the state of ——, alleged to have been elected November the 8th, 1892.

(Signed.) LEVI P. MORTON,
Vice President of the United States and President of the United States Senate.

It is noticed that the Vice President is cautious of the wording of the receipt. This ends the duty of the messenger, and the custody of the precious documents now devolves upon Vice President Morton.

In one corner of the Vice President's room stands a small steel safe. It has been empty for nearly four years. It was empty last week, but it is not now. Into this diminutive depository, scarcely three feet high, are placed the official packages. The combination to the safe is known only to Vice President Morton and his private secretary, but they will not take the risk of so great a responsibility without additional safeguards. This week a system of electric wires and alarm bells will surround the safe, and the approach of any intruder will be at once known to the watchman in the corridor. In this safe the documents will repose until February 8.

Some day previous to the 8th of February, and for a wonder the exact date has not been established, some member of the Senate committee on Privileges and Elections will offer a resolution providing for a joint meeting of the two houses of Congress at 1 o'clock on the 8th of February.

On the morning of February 8 Captain Isaac Bassett, assistant doorkeeper of the senate, he of the snowy locks and long beard, will become custodian of the red sealed packages. He will accompany the Vice President into the latter's room. The little steel safe will be opened and the documents therein transferred to the venerable doorkeeper who will place them in two boxes provided especially for the occasion, and carry them into the Senate chamber.

Captain Bassett knows how to do this act with the greatest amount of dignity. He has done the same thing at every such meeting since the day when Martin Van Buren was declared elected. The aged Captain has been in the employ of the Senate for more than sixty years, before many of the present members were born.

On February 8, when the Senate clock points to 5 minutes of 1o'clock the Senate will abruptly stop whatever proceedings it may be engaged in and will form for the three minutes march to the hall of the House of Representatives. A squad of police will act as body guard to Captain Bassett who will have an electoral box under each arm. The senators with proper dignity will follow. The arrival of the procession will be formally announced to the house by Doorkeeper Turner, and members and officers of the house will arise to receive them. Vice President Mortan and Secretary McCook will head the procession which will be led by the sergeant-at-arms. The Vice President will ascend the speaker's platform and occupy Speaker Crisp's chair, while that gentleman will sit on the left of the Vice President. The Senators will sit to the right of the speaker's desk, and members of the House will "sorter loaf round." The galleries will be crowded with the families and friends of the members.

Vice President Morton will open the sealed envelopes and hand them to the tellers, stating that if there be no objection to the electoral vote of Alabama, the first state on the alphabetical list, the certificate from that state will be read by the tellers. The first certificate is the only one which is read through, the tellers simply reading the results of the votes of the other states. Should objections be made to the vote of any state, the two houses will separate and consider the objections, and report its finding. After the certificates have all been examined, the tellers will hand the result to Vice President Morton, who will read their report, and will then announce that Grover Cleveland, of New York, is elected President of the United States, and that Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, is elected Vice President of the United States, each for the term beginning March 4, 1893.

This official announcement is the first lawful notice of the election of Cleveland and Stevenson. A useless lot of red tape and pompous dignity, did you say? Perhaps it is, and yet the people of the United States are so well satisfied with the law and custom that they will not soon change it.

"HELLO" BUSINESS IN JAPAN.

How the Insular Asiatic Adopts Modern Electrical Ideas.

Very interesting and instructive is the article on telephony and telegraphy in Japan which appears in the current issue of the Western Electrician from the pen of Kunihiko Iwadare, chief engineer of the Osaka Electric Light company, who is now on a mission to this country for the purpose of studying American practice in electrical engineering. The telegraph and telephone systems are both under government control, and the charges are, in consequence, exceedingly moderate. For instance, a telegraphic message consisting of ten Japanese alphabetical letters or under can be sent all over the empire for about 10 cents in our money. The telephone service is also remarkably cheap, judging by the charges for the same service in this country. The annual subscription is now $35 per year all through the empire. The consequence is that the service is popular and growing, the rate of increase in Tokio, for example, being about fifty per month.

All the poles for telegraphic service are straighter and stouter than in this country, and they are subjected to a preserving process before being placed in position by injecting into the pores of the wood a sulphate of copper solution. The poles are put up with great care, having braces and guys, especially on curves. Women are not employed as operators in the telegraph offices, although in the telephone exchanges they are employed in the daytime. From 8 p. m. to 7 p. m. male operators are employed, and Mr. Iwadare naively remarks that "female operators are more popular than male operators, and in fact some of the subscribers request us to employ female operators even during the night." All the operators must be under 25 and above 14 years of age and unmarried.

Long distance telephony has made great headway in Japan, and experiments between Tokio and Najoya, 240 miles, and Tokio and Osaka, 385 miles, have been entirely successful, although the system is not in commercial operation. The greatest distance at present covered by telephone in a practical way is between Osaka and and Kobe, a distance of 25 miles. It is expected, however, that all the principal cities of the empire will soon be connected by the long-distance telephone.

Garibaldi's Island.

The romantic island of Caprera, for which, according to gossipon report, Garibaldi paid less than $5,000, was sold to the Italian government, which wanted it for fortification purposes, for $60,000. Among the heirs was the general daughter Teresita, in whose behalf her husband, Gen. Canzio, signed the deed of sale. Teresita now claims that she did not authorize Gen. Canzio to deed away her rights, and that as her own signature was not affixed to the deed the sale is void. She has brought suit against the government, and the case will be tried in the Supreme court of Sardinia. The government will claim that as under Italian law the fortune of the wife goes to the husband in the absence of any provision in the marriage contract to the contrary, the government's title is perfect. The case is attracting great interest throughout Italy.

Something to Look Forward To.

Old Lady—I hope, my boy, that you do not sell papers on Sunday.

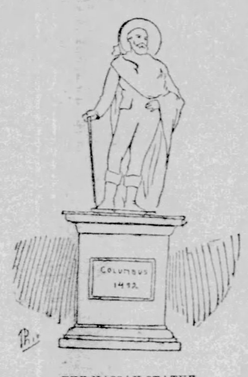
Small Newsboy (sadly)—No, mum; I ain't big enough to carry a Sunday edition.—Brooklyn Life.

CAPT. BASSETT, CUSTODIAN OF THE BOXES

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A Statue of Columbus That Has Stood in Nassau Since 1832.

There stands in front of the government house at Nassau, the Bahamas, a statue of Columbus that has had its troubles. Historically this statue is valuable from the fact that Washington Irving assisted in designing and executing it. There was a time, however, when armed sentries guarded it night and day. Unauthorized persons were forbidden to approach the spot where it stood. If these precautions had not been taken the statue would undoubtedly have been destroyed. That was in the days when the home government was trying to abolish slavery on the island. Governor Smythe was sent out to the Bahamas to prepare the property owners for this change and public sentiment was against him. Governor Smythe was captivated by beautiful Nassau, and he presented to that city this statue of Columbus. The donor's unpopularity was for several years reflected on his gift. Slavery was abolished, however, public sentiment in the



THE NASSAU STATUE.

Bahamas changed, and, according to the New York Sun, this same statue of Columbus is now considered one of the greatest treasures of Nassau. Graggon, an artist of some local reputation, modeled it in London in 1831. Washington Irving was in England at that time, and he brought to Graggon's aid the results of his own extensive research in the libraries and galleries of Spain in quest of material for his "Life and Voyages of Columbus." He displayed much interest in this work, and the design is strictly in accordance with Irving's conception of Columbus. The statue was brought from London by the British brig Rose Hill, and was landed at Nassau on May 9, 1832. It was intended to erect it in front of the public buildings opposite Rawson square, but this idea was abandoned on account of numerous threats to destroy it. The work of erection was completed during June, 1832. The unveiling and presentation of the statue were accomplished with appropriate ceremonies and were followed by a ball at the government house.

THE VAGABOND.

Shoes unpolished and full of cracks
Opening up to the wind and rain,
Matted beard and a tarnished shirt
Pressed still with tobacco stain;
Old slouch hat with a tattered rim
Ragged breeches and seamy coat,
Tangled locks with an unkempt wave
Failing over a grimy throat.

Living ever from hand to mouth,
Little to-land and less to-morrow,
What does it matter if cold or warm,
Wind blow north or the wind blow south?
Houseless, homeless, and hopeless he;
Drink and the gutter his one delight,
Sun or moon is a blank to him,
Pearls of dawn or the stars of night.

Wife and child—did he have them once?
Hope—was it ever a dream to him?
Life-in-death has a touch of that
But death-in-life is his burden grim;
The slough of despond has held him fast
His hair is sprayed with a frosty gray,
And his idols loom to his sodden gaze
With foreheads of brass and feet of clay.

Nowhere here in the after days
Shall good Samaritans lift him up,
Bathe his brow with a pitying touch
And press to his lips the cooling cup.
Somewhere back in the channeled years
Pride, like Lucifer, downward fell,
And now he mutters in thickened tone,
And one to him are heaven and hell.

Owned a Doctor of Divinity.

In the course of his long fight against slavery, Gen. Hawley and his old friend, John Hooker, had one experience which is probably unique among New England citizens. Hawley bought and Hooker owned a Doctor of Divinity. A scholarly colored man, James Pennington, who had received at Heidelberg the degree of D. D., was settled over the Talcott street church in this city. It came out that he ran away from slavery when a boy. He was "owned" at the South, and when the fugitive slave law was passed there was danger of his capture and re-servitude. So Lawyer Joe went to his owners for Mr. Hooker, bought this Doctor of Divinity and brought Mr. Hooker back the bill of sale. Mr. Hooker tried for a day the feeling of owning a minister and then put on record in the town clerk's office a deed giving the Rev. Dr. James Pennington the ownership of himself.—Hartford Courant.

A BARE POSSIBILITY.

There's less of snow and less of cold,
And less of Christmas cheer;
The weary earth is growing old
And duller every year.

And yet the children sport and play
With laughter loud and clear;
Perhaps—perhaps I'm growing gray
And duller every year!

Fattening Oysters in a Cellar.

My American friend tells me he has what might be called a corner on oysters. It seems to be rather a unique idea, and so I give the public the benefit of it. He goes down to Billingsgate and buys 100 blue points in the shell for about 8s. He places them on the floor of his coal cellar at home and then feeds them on corn meal or some such stuff until they are as fat as it is possible for an oyster to get and "all very fine and large." I had some hesitation about believing this story; it seemed to me rather strange that oysters could be reared in the cellar like so many chickens; but he assures me it is true. He says, after the wetted corn meal is strewn round the oysters, that if you return to their lair you will find the shells that were closed all wide open and if you touch one of them it will instantly close, whereupon the other 99 will shut up shop until you leave.—English letter.

A Mystery of the Sea.

The bark Gladys on a recently finished voyage from Antigue to Hamburg passed a large iceberg in 43 degrees south 33 degrees west on which were the dead bodies of five people. A very plainly marked beaten track was noticed on the northwest side of the berg, and a rude shelter, apparently cleft in the ice. One of the bodies lay just outside the shelter and another in the pathway leading to it. No signs of life could be seen, and night coming on and the place being densely packed with bergs, the Gladys could make no investigation. The impression was that the dead bodies were those of shipwrecked people whose vessel had probably been sunk by contact with the berg, who had clambered on it for safety and died from exposure and want.

Played Many Instruments.

The Prince de Chimay, a French nobleman, recently deceased, was a famous fiddler and had one of the most curious collections of violins in the world, and he could play equally well on the violin, violoncello, banjo, guitar and piano.—New York Press.

Wasn't He Right?

"Did you enjoy yourself in the country, Johnny?"

"You bet. And the funniest thing I seen was the hired man unkiss' the cows."—Indianapolis Journal.

Our Serial Story.

Written Expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1892.

A DAZZLING SCHEME.

By WILL LISENBEE.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ODD PREDICAMENT.

As the sound of footsteps came from above, Paul Mayfield paused in his work and stood listening with breathless anxiety. He had not the slightest doubt that his captors had returned and in all probability would attempt to replace his bonds.

The thought made him desperate, and grasping a huge flat stone from the floor, he crouched in a corner at the foot of the stairs, a fierce determination taking possession of him to attack the Mexicans should they descend into the cellar.

The sound of steps came to the door, above where they stopped. Then came the sound of fastenings being removed and an instant later the door was thrown open and one of the Mexicans began to descend, a cocked revolver in his hand. Paul heard steps above and knew that the other Mexican was about to follow the first, but this did not swerve him from his purpose. Crouching in the dark corner he stood ready to battle with the two till the last. The greaser had almost reached the bottom of the stairs, when quick as a flash Paul leaped forward and struck him a heavy blow with the stone. The pistol dropped from the Mexican's hand and he went down in a senseless heap on the floor of the cellar. Stooping quickly Paul picked up the pistol and stood ready to defend himself against the other, who was about to descend the stairs, but an excited exclamation came from the Mexican above and with a quick movement he leaped back into the room. The next moment he closed the floor.

Paul stood irresolute, and for a moment he considered whether or not he should attempt to force his way to the room above, but he soon recognized the danger of such a course. He would be at a great disadvantage in making such a move, for he knew that the Mexican was armed and on his guard.

As he stood debating the matter a groan came from the man lying upon the floor, and he showed signs of returning consciousness. In a few moments he rose to a sitting position. Stooping at his side Paul made a hasty search of his person for weapons and procured a heavy bowie knife, which he placed in his own pocket. While this was going on the Mexican leaned back against the wall in a dazed manner, the blood dripping from a wound in the head where Paul had struck him with the stone.

"Diablo! what have you been doing?" cried the Mexican, speaking in broken English, evidently not realizing what had taken place.

"Keep still or it will be the worse for you," said Paul warningly.

Something like an oath came from the Mexican as he realized his situation, but he did not attempt to move from his position on the floor.

Paul could still hear the Mexican in the room above, and was at a loss as to how he should proceed. He had not heard the fastening replaced after the door was closed, and he had every reason to believe that it was unfastened. Should he ascend the stairs, throw the door open and take his chances with the remaining foe? As this thought came to Paul he realized the danger in which such an action would place him, and he decided to await developments.

He knew well enough that the greaser above would not dare attack him where he was and he felt that he could afford to wait. Perhaps the Mexican on finding that his associate had been worsted in the encounter would become alarmed and leave the building.

Paul listened, but could no longer hear any sounds from the man above. He was evidently waiting to see what the outcome would be.

Armed as he now was Paul felt that he could repel the attack of a score of such ruffians as those with which he had to deal as long as he kept his position in the cellar, but any attempt to leave his prison would be to place himself at the mercy of any one who might be watching for him in the room overhead.

He seated himself upon the rocky floor where he could command a view of the wounded Mexican as well as the trap door. The greaser sat leaning against the wall, maintaining a stupid silence, evidently realizing the situation in which he was placed.

As Paul gazed on the dark, repulsive visage of the Mexican he could hardly suppress the desire that rose in him to choke the life out of the treacherous vagabond, but suddenly the thought came to him: why not use the fellow in effecting his escape from the place? He had him utterly in his power, and could easily succeed in frightening him to do whatever he directed. Besides he might gain some knowledge from the Mexican regarding the object the two had in bringing him a captive to the place. Moving up to the man's side Paul laid his hand heavily upon his shoulder and said:

"I want you to tell me why you brought me to this place."

A frightened look came into the man's face and he tried to avoid Paul's gaze, but made no reply.

"Are you going to answer my question?" demanded Paul, shaking the greaser rudely.

"No sabe," replied the Mexican.

"Do you want me to kill you!" hissed Paul, shoving the cocked pistol he had picked up in the Mexican's face.

"Mercy, senor! Don't shoot!" entreated the terror-stricken greaser.

"I thought you would understand that," remarked Paul grimly. "Now, sir, tell me why you and that other man assaulted me, then brought me here as a captive?"

The Mexican hesitated a moment, then said:

"We wanted to rob you."

"But you could have done that without bringing me here. Don't you lie to me," and he shook the Mexican roughly, at the same time holding the pistol in a threatening manner.

"Mercy—mercy, senor!" cried the frightened greaser. "Don't kill me—we got money to bring you here—"

Paul looked at the Mexican in amazement.

"What! do you mean to tell me that you were hired by some one to commit this outrage?" he asked.

"Yes, senor."

"By whom?"

"Hampton," replied the Mexican. "He offered us money to get you out of his way."

Paul was speechless with astonishment. What did it mean? Was the Mexican telling the truth? and had the rascally attorney entered into a conspiracy to get him out of the way? But why should the lawyer do that, and how was he in his way? A sudden thought came to Paul. Might it not be in relation to the Bayard Benton estate that the lawyer wished him removed? Ah! that was it. With Paul out of the way he could go on with the daring scheme he had planned.

"It won't be good for you if you are lying to me!" said Paul. "You say that the lawyer, Hampton, hired you to get me out of his way?"

"Yes, senor."

"Did he tell you why he wanted me out of his way?"

"He told us nothing."

Paul reflected a moment, eyeing the Mexican keenly in the dim light that came through the crevices above. It was plain to him now, as he thought over the matter, that it was as the greaser had stated, and that the assault that had been made upon him and his being held a prisoner was the work of the scheming attorneys. How they might profit by his being disposed of was plainly apparent. He being the only one who knew of the existence of the legal heiress to the Benton estate, it was easy to see that they might now go forward with their fraudulent plans without fear of detection.

A feeling of indignation and fury swept through Paul's breast as he thought of the trap the attorneys had laid for him, and he resolved to make them repent the treacherous and cowardly act, once he escaped from the situation in which they had caused him to be placed. He could not but see that he was yet in an odd predicament, and while the two Mexicans were placed in the position of the soldier who had caught the Tartar, yet he realized that his own situation was little better than theirs. While he held one of them in his own power, he was himself a prisoner. However, he felt that the advantage was now on his side, and he had strong hopes of being able to bring the foe to terms.

"You see I have got you in my power," he said to the Mexican," and if I kill you it will not worse my situation?"

"Mercy, senor! Do not kill me!" cried the Mexican, in abject terror.

"You know that I would be justified in killing you," went on Paul; "but I will spare you on one condition."

"I am your slave senor; I will do anything you ask," replied the greaser.

"Very well. Listen then. I want you to call to the man in the room above to surrender and drop his weapons into the cellar."

"I will tell him, senor."

"See that you do, and if you attempt any trickery I will kill you!"

The terrified greaser now called loudly to his associate, who answered in an excited voice, speaking in the Mexican dialect. For some time the two conversed in loud tones. They spoke in the Mexican dialect which was not understood by Paul.

"What does he say?" asked Paul.

"He says that he will never surrender, but if you will not harm me, he promises to leave the house and you will be free to go where you please."

Paul reflected a moment. It was plain that the Mexican above would not surrender even to save his associate, yet Paul did not wish to treat with such as he, and he endeavored to devise some plan by which he could compel the Mexican to submit to his proposition. For some time he remained in deep thought. He saw that it would be to his advantage with the greaser, who, already had the advantage, and he realized that it would be worse than useless to attempt to induce him to put his own neck in the halter for the purpose of saving his pal. Paul had an object in wishing to return to the city at the earliest moment, and any delay might be fatal to his plans.

Presently the Mexican spoke. He said that his partner in the room overhead was going to leave the house, and that Paul could then be free to go where he pleased. A few moments later Paul heard him pass from the room. This left the coast clear, and after waiting several minutes, Paul ascended the stairs and pushed on the trap door. It was not fastened. Opening it quickly, he leaped up into the room, pistol in hand. The next instant the figure of the Mexican appeared in the doorway. Then there came the loud report of a pistol in the hands of the Mexican, and Paul reeled backward and fell limp and lifeless upon the floor.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE VISITOR.

While the events chronicled in the preceding chapter were taking place Hampton & Bangs had not been idle. They recognized the necessity of speedy action, and were using every means to bring their nefarious plans to a successful termination. With Paul Mayfield out of their way they felt no fear of exposure, and they now concluded to go boldly on with their work.

After the departure of the Mexicans on their important errand, the two lawyers awaited their return with greatest impatience. They had every reason to believe that the greasers would accomplish their evil work. Yet realizing the disastrous results that would follow any failure on their part, they could not but feel a sense of insecurity. It was almost midnight when Francisco returned with the tidings that they had been successful in their undertaking, and that Paul Mayfield was safely lodged where it would be impossible for him to escape.

"That leaves the field perfectly clear," said Hampton, joyfully, "and we must not let an idle moment go by till our work is finished."

Early on the following morning Ezra Bangs left for the White Bird ranch, where he expected to make the final arrangements with Lucy Bogford for carrying out their daring plan.

During his absence Cyrus Hamilton busied himself in perfecting their plans for immediate work. He called upon Mr. Parsons, the administrator of the Benton estate, and announced that the missing heiress, Gertrude Benton, had been found, and would probably be brought forward during the day or day following.

Mr. Parsons was an honest and easy-going man of some sixty years of age, who had all confidence in the honesty of the attorney, and the cleverly-concocted story the wily lawyer had prepared regarding the finding of the legal heiress was at once accepted as truth, not the faintest shadow of suspicion ever entering his breast. After spending an hour with Parsons, Hampton returned to his own office, a look of infinite happiness upon his sallow countenance.

It was almost noon when Ezra Bangs returned from the White Bird ranch.

"What news?" asked Hampton eagerly, as the other entered the office.

"News enough," replied Bangs. "The Bogford family has left the ranch!"

"What! you don't mean to say that they have left the country?" asked Hampton in astonishment.

"No; they have quitted the ranch and moved to town."

"To Nogales?"

"Yes."

Hampton gave vent to a low whistle.

"When did this occur?" he asked.

"Only this morning."

"What is their object in all coming here? Curse the luck! can't the girl see that this may spoil our plans?"

"I spoke to her regarding the matter."

"What did she say?"

"She said she did not wish to leave her parents on the ranch while she was attending to the business in hand, and they had decided to move to town."

Hampton swore a bitter oath.

"Is the girl crazy?" he cried fiercely. "Has she taken her parents into the secret of her business?"

"I am led to believe that she has, and that they will work in harmony with our plans."

"That may be, but it is always bad policy to have too many into a secret. A single word let slip by some of them in an unguarded moment might ruin the whole business. Why did she not consult with us before making such a move?"

"I cannot tell. I had no time to say much to her, and she promised to see me again this evening."

"What part of the town have they moved to?"

"The eastern part—in the stone house owned by Rankin."

Hampton arose and paced the floor restlessly.

"We may be able to manage the affair all right after all," he said, "but I think it would have served our purpose better to have kept the old folks in the background. People who have no experience in doing business that requires a closed mouth rarely learn this important fact till it is too late. Who did old Bogford leave in charge of the ranch?"

"A Mexican herder."

"Do you have an idea that the girl will stick to her promise?"

"There is no doubt of it. She can't turn back now."

"If she should it would place us in an awkward situation."

"It would indeed."

"In such a case we would be compelled to bring forward the true Gertrude Benton."

"That would be a capital idea, but it would play sad havoc with our expectations in regard to the fortune we have been figuring on."

"Yes, but I don't think we will have any cause to resort to such an emergency," replied Hampton.

"But how about this man Mayfield—will not his friends stir up a considerable noise about his mysterious disappearance?" asked Bangs.

"It is likely that they will make vigorous search for him, but as long as they do not find him we need have no fears."

"But if they should chance to discover him then what?" asked Bangs uneasily.

"Of course that would play the deuce with our plans, but no one could implicate us in the affair unless the Mexicans who did the work for us should do so, and there is no fear of that, even if they should be caught, which is not at all likely."

"Have you seen Parsons, the administrator, to-day?" asked Bangs.

"Yes."

"You told him we had found the missing girl?"

"Yes, and he swallowed the story I told him as readily as a bass would an artificial minnow."

"He suspects nothing, then?"

"Nothing whatever. He is as pliant as wax in our hands, and the whole business will be left to us. Everything is working our way, and this will help us to ship our plans to a speedy and successful issue."

At that instant a knock came at the door. Hampton arose and threw it open. A roughly clad man of about 50 entered. His face was narrow, of a sallow hue, and was almost entirely covered with a short grizzly beard. He crossed the room and threw himself into a chair.

"This is Hampton

IS A TRYING FEATURE

MEETING WOMEN IN CONGRESS.

The Fair Sex who Have Business with Members of Congress—Dave Hill Always Eludes Them—Tom Reed is Coy.

It is no fun being a Congressman and having women shedding bottles of tears says a Washington writer in the New York Recorder. Congressmen are human, like other men, and it is accepted as gospel that not even the hereafter holds such terror for most men as is inspired by the sight of one woman's sweeping. It is a sight to see Tom Reed when he finds he's facing a woman. Mr. Reed seldom responds if a card brought to him bears a feminine name. One woman who knew this fact from sad experience saw to it that one day the ex-speaker received a card with a name written in a masculine hand. There was nothing to tell Reed whether a gentleman or a lady was in quest of him, and evidently no thought but that it was the former entered his mind, for

SEEING TOM REED.

he slowly dragged his ponderosity out into the corridor, hunting for "R. M. Langdon." The form of the young woman whom he had hitherto successfully evaded confronted him, and in spite of his protests she managed to fill up both ears. Mr. Reed thought she was clever, and the girl succeeded finally in securing his approval for her measure.

There is a very vigorous minded woman of wide reputation about the Capitol daily, who can buttonhole more men and talk more of them to a standstill than most any two dozen ordinary members of her sex. It is currently recognized among doorkeepers and employes generally that the penalty would be official death to allow her to see Mr. Reed, and they all say that that warlike woman is the only thing the ex-speaker is afraid of. When Mr. Reed cleared out the apple woman from the corridor it was this woman who put her arm around old Pauline and dared Tom Reed to order one of his men to touch her wares again.

Mr. Reed always says "Yes, ma'am" with a New England drawl that is worth putting into a phonograph, and it sounds very droll to hear the big, burly man "Yes, ma'aming" some diminutive woman whom he could almost crush with one hand. If Mr. Reed finds out that a woman is earnest and understands what she is doing she can secure his approval; but forty-nine women fail where one succeeds.

Justice Gray, of the Supreme court, is an interesting person to watch. The justice is generally embarrassed by the call of a strange woman, and looks as if he'd rather sit on the supreme bench all day than have to receive such a visitor. He is so tall and immense that other men generally supposed to be tall look like children beside him. Add embarrassment to his chubby, smooth face, and when the justice sends forth a deep bass "Yes, mum," the combination is unique. He always says "Yes, mum" to any woman. The chief impression that these two words leave with a small woman is that she has received sweetest flattery. She feels at least three inches taller physically, and if she isn't puzzled by it all she feels as if nothing less than a throne was good enough for her after Justice Gray has said "Yes, mum" once or twice.

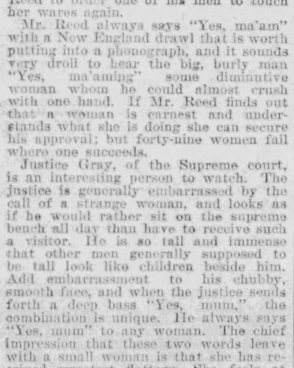
Senator Gibson is noted for his gallantry and grace. This is Gibson of Maryland, who is Mr. Gorman's harmless right bower. Senator Gibson is handsome, as his sobriquet, "Apollo Gibson," implies. He always wears a black Prince Albert coat, and is faultless in attire. When the card of some one whom he knows is sent in, he starts for the marble room. If this individual woman is welcome there is an iridescent smile on his face. If the band was playing he couldn't walk in any more sprightly fashion, and the skirts of his Prince Albert sway about him and add to the general effect. If he simply sees the caller as a matter of duty the coattails fly behind at an angle indicative of great haste, and his eyeglasses swing in an impatient way.

Senator Hill evades cards from ladies. "He's not in, madam," is the formula given the caller when the doorkeeper hands back the card, and he hasn't even had to look at the Senato's chair to find out. It was a standing order at one time.

He is an exception, however, as most Congressmen and Senators believe sufficiently in women's rights to recognize that they may have important business sometimes.

The regular Congressional salutation is a handshake, but it is much more common on the House side than in the Senate.

Senator Gorman has a great many ladies' cards sent to him because his position has been so prominent that



JERRY SIMPSON'S METHODS.

women of the South, and Washington is crowded with such, turn instinctively to Gorman. More women in mourning call upon him for aid than almost any other Senator, but Gorman does not see them all by any means; and usually not unless the case is specially brought to his attention. When Gorman stands before a woman with that impassive self-possession on his face, like a mask, a woman is apt to lose her own self-possession and flounder through the little speech she has carefully prepared. Gorman is deference itself toward women. He never hurries them, yet at the same time his callers realize the only way to secure any chance of his assistance is to be businesslike, say what has to be got out. At the same time no one but an idiotic woman would imagine Gorman wasn't polite. It's a rare art to make a woman curtail her speech and not make her mad at the same time.

The new member form the country is always in a flutter when he receives his first card bearing a lady's name.

One instance occurred in the last Congress, where actually the member was so alarmed at the idea that, after he had promised to see the caller, he went out another door, had the woman pointed out, and fled back, overcome by bashfulness. The first time I ever saw Jerry Simpson was the first day he visited the House. He was in the side doorway of the House surrounded by three women, all lobbyists, trying to talk to him in the same breath. Jerry looked decidedly amused, and somewhat puzzled, and when he escaped, which was not till the corridor had filled with people interested in the sight, he inquired of his Congressional tutor if that was part of the business. Now he has become used to it. It was on that occasion that a witty Western newspaper woman asked the stateman if it was really true that he wore socks, and he made the very appropriate answer: "Yes; don't you?"

Now that ex-Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, is coming back, the House doorkeepers are preparing for a siege, for the honorable Senator had more feminine visitors than almost any other Senator. His educational schemes and generally philanthropic disposition accounts for it, and a frequent sight, if the scenes of the Senate are repeated at the other end of the Capitol, will be the New Hampshire Congressman being recklessly lectured by instructors of youuth and great reformers.

Now New York men are not quite so pestered to death as some other members, but there are some peculiar little incidents in this connection. There is a Republican member from New York state who occupies a peculiar attitude toward women. His favorite one can only be adopted effectively on the floor of the House. This gentleman stretches himself full length on a leather-covered sofa back of the Republican side. His head faces the galleries, and there he lies for hours at a time gazing between naps at the pretty girls in the ladies' gallery on the Republican side. Regular attendants have come to expect to find him in just that position, and while they say it makes them mad, they seem very sad when the gentleman from New York state is not on his accustomed lounge.

Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, a permanent candidate for Speaker, and one of the leaders of the Democratic side, has a reputation for gallantry that makes him envied. He is a widower and gives lunch parties in the House restaurnt three or four times a week at which he is the only man present, and the four or five other guests will be sure to be the prettiest girls in the Capitol that day. So well known is Mr. McMillin's good taste that if a group of pretty girls are seen with a matron, they are at once set down as the guests at his lunch that day. There are mighty few pretty girls in Washington but what are glad to take their chaperon and help Mr. McMillin eat lunch. His parties are always chaperoned, and the host tells witty stories till every other woman in the cafe is envious and wishes McMillin was her solicitous host.

Vice President Morton has a very happy way of greeting women. Indeed, so he has among men. Mr. Morton

MR. MORTON'S SHAKE.

meets a woman at the Capitol in precisely the same way he does at his own home. It is a mixture of French courtliness and the Prince of Wales style. His smile is always the same, no matter what cares of state are on his mind. He takes the visitor's hand, lifts it to the level of the top button on his coat, without, however, raising the elbow, and gives a delicate Prince of Wales shake. Mr. Morton can give that act more gracefully than any other person in Washington. But Mr. Morton's gallantry never prevents his listening to what a woman has to say, and the pleasant way in which he takes in every word makes a woman imagine it isn't business, after all, and her errand has become, instead, a pleasant affair.

WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS TO MEET

Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention to be Held at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The twenty-fifth annual convention of the National American Women's Suffrage association will meet in Metzerott Hall Sunday. Services will consist of a sermon by Rev. Anna P. Eastman and a talk by Rev. Anna H. Shaw. The presiding officer is Miss Susan B. Anthony, the corresponding secretary Miss Rachel Foster Avery, the vice president at large Rev. Anna Howard Shaw; treasurer, Harriet Taylor Upton; auditor, Wm. D. Foulke.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.

The opening services will include an address by Senator Joseph Carey of Wyoming, and the annual president's message by Miss Susan B. Anthony. Among the speakers during the sessions will be: Harroll D. Wright, on "Women in Industry;" Miss C. L. Chapman will give an address on "Comparisons are Odious;" Rev. Anna H. Shaw, on "The Attitude of Women for Political Parties," Mrs. Ellen B. Dietrick is to speak on "The Best Method of Interesting Women in Suffrage." Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, on "Local Disabilities." Mrs. May Wright Sewall is to speak on "Municipal Housekeeping."

An Oversight.

He—Do you know, it has always seemed strange to me that I have never married.

She—Dear me, haven't any of the girls ever given you their reasons for refusing you?—New York Herald.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to Be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"The Truth About Beauty," by Annie Wolf, published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York city. This is a very bright and chatty book of instruction in the best methods of developing the perfection of the physical in order to be beautiful. She does not say anything especially new, but she says it all in a very pleasant way.

"Who Is the Man?" is the title of one of several books recently issued by Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York city, a new publishing house. The author is James Selwin Tait, whose former books, "My Friend Pasquale," and others, have been quite popular. This is a very exciting story of the Scottish border, which is copiously illustrated.

Another book from the same publishing house is "When I Lived in Bohemia," being papers selected from the portfolio of Peter ——, Esq., by Fergus Hume, the author of "The Island of Fantasy," "The Man Who Vanished," etc. The illustrations are by Cyril R. Hallward, and are very good.

From the Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis, comes a collection of poems, "Green Fields and Running Brooks," by James Whitcomb Riley, the well-known poet who has won so warm a place in the hearts of the people.

From Lovell, Coryell & Co., 47 East Tenth street, New York city, comes, in pamphlet form, "A Son of Esau," by Minnie Gilmore, the author of "The Woman Who Stood Between," "Pipes from Prairie Land," etc, and "Mammon," by Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't," "Which Shall It Be?" "Woman's Heart," etc.

A very handsome and most interesting volume is the "Life of Christian Daniel Rauch," by Ednah D. Cheney, issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. This wonderful artist, who was the sculptor of so many beautiful monuments in Germany, is comparatively little known in this country, and it is to introduce him and his works to the American public that this book was written.

"The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World we Live In," from the pen of Sir John Lubbock, is published by Macmillan & Co., New York city. Anything from this scientist is worth reading, and this little volume combines instruction and entertainment. The opening chapter fascinates at once with its beauty of language. Then we read about animal life, plant life, the woods and fields, the mountains, water, rivers and lakes, the sea, and the stars all touched with new interest by his words.

From the same publishers comes a new edition of "Figure Skating," which is greatly enlarged from the previous work. The authors, being members of the Wimbledon Skating club, write of what they know, and they have given here a complete text book of the art of skating.

Macmillan also publishes in a pretty little volume "The Death of Aenone, Akbar's Dream," by Alfred Tennyson, with a number of other poems from the great poet's pen.

Another work from this house is a collection of "Stories from the Greek Comedians," by Alfred J. Church. The specimens translated are from Aristophanes, Philemon, Diphilus, Menander and Apollodorus. The volume has sixteen illustrations after the antique.

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have that tired feeling in the spring, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

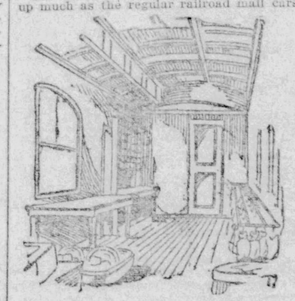
Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

A NEW DELIVERY SCHEME.

The Postmaster at St. Louis Tries Utilizing Electric Street Cars.

Major J. B. Harlow, postmaster of St. Louis, submitted two years ago to the Postoffice department at Washington, a plan for utilizing street cars in the delivery of mail. The first trial of this scheme was made a few days ago in St. Louis on one of the electric cars in operation in that city.

The mail car 28 feet long, and is fitted up much as the regular railroad mail cars



INTERIOR OF ST. LOUIS STREET MAIL CAR

are arranged. Stations were established along the route at which postmen were waiting with the mail they had collected in each district. This was sorted on the car and distributed along the route at such points as the addresses called for, each postman being given a bundle of mail for delivery as soon as he delivered the bundle he had collected. On several instances letters collected at one stop were postmarked ready for delivery at the next.

A postal card mailed at Seventeenth and Wash streets was collected by the carrier at 9:30 o'clock, reached the car at 9:55, was turned over to the carrier for delivery at Twenty-first and Wash streets at 9:58, and reached the person to whom it was addressed not later than 10:30. Under the old system the postal card would have been sent to the main office and not sent out for delivery before 2:30 in the afternoon. This was a gain of four hours' time in delivery.—St. Louis Republic.

STATISTICS OF STATESMEN.

In the House of Representatives the man with the longest name is Archibald Henderson Arrington Williams, of North Carolina, says the Washington Post.

The heaviest man is John W. Rife, of Pennsylvania. A special chair is provided for his use.

The handsomest man is Allan Cathcart Durborow, jr., of Illinois.

The homeliest man is William F. Parrett, of Indiana.

The oldest man is Edward Scull, of Pennsylvania. He was born in 1818.

The youngest man is Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas. He was born October 6, 1863.

The best dressed man is Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania.

The wittiest man is Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine.

The tallest man is Newton Martin Curtis, of New York. His height is 6 feet 6 inches.

The shortest man is John R. Fellows, of New York.

The thinnest man is James D. Richardson, of Tennessee.

The richest man is John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin. His wealth is estimated at from $25,000,000 to $35,000,000.

The best story teller is John M. Allen, of Mississippi.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark away,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maideh, why that look unkind?
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Panama Scandal.

W. D. T., Salem, O., asks "what the Panama scandal is." The Panama scandal, which is now convulsing France, is the outgrowth of the scheme to build a canal across the isthmus of Panama. That scheme was conceived years ago by Ferdinand de Lesseps, who built the Suez canal, and the Panama company was composed of some of the most prominent men in France. The vast capital which the company started with was soon used, and the company resorted to other means of raising money. It proposed to establish a national lottery in France, the profits of which were to go towards the completion of the canal. The lottery bill was introduced in the French parliament, but the scheme was a failure. Charges were made that members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, as well as high government officials, had been bribed to aid in the passage of the lottery bill, and these charges caused the downfall of the ministry. The arrests of Charles de Lesseps and others followed, and the trial of the alleged criminals is now in progress. You can get a full history of the canal and the scandals attached, by reading the long article in the Weekly Blade of January 10.

Action of Ocean Currents.

M. P., Plymouth, O., asks: "Will you please tell me what makes it so much warmer in the state of Washington than in Ohio?"

"The difference in the climate of the states of Washington and Ohio is due to the influence of ocean currents. The public coast is affected by a warm current, which is similar to the Gulf stream, and has the same effect as the latter has upon the climate of the British isles. This warm current is called the Japan current, or, as the Japanese call it, the Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream, and washes the northwest coast of North America, keeping the atmosphere in a temperate condition. The high mountains on the coast, also break the force of cold east winds.

When the President Takes the Oath.

N. C. T., Tott's Creek, Tenn.: The President of the United States is sworn into office at noon on March 4. The oath of office was administered to President Arthur in the night-time; but this was because of the emergency caused by the death of President Garfield. There is a room in the Capitol known as the "President's Room," which he occupies usually for a few hours just before the adjournment of a Congress, simply in order to sign bills passed in the closing hours. They must be signed before Congress adjourns, or they fail to become laws. It is not kept locked up, but any visitor to the Capitol can go through it if he chooses.

Frost on Panes of Glass.

W. H. S., Weston, O., asks "why frost gathers on windows in designs such as trees, etc." There is no especial reason why the design should be like a tree. It may take any form. During cold weather, the panes are cooled to a temperature below the freezing point, and a coating of true dew is deposited thereon. This dew is then cooled and frozen by the continued cold of the pane of glass. The phenomenon is that of the freezing of a thin film of water, not that of the direct deposition of ice crystals, as in hoar frost.

Value of Old Coins.

H. B. M., of Morgantown, Ky., says: "In a recent issue of The Blade, in speaking of the value of old coins, you say that a silver dollar of 1804 is worth $800. Is that correct, or was it a typographical error and meant for $8? If correct, please advise me more fully in regard to the matter, telling me who pays such a price."

That statement is correct. In the year 1804 but a few proof coins were struck, and those sold within the past dozen years have ranged in price from $400 to $800. We can not give address. Read rules above.

Question of Gravitation.

J. M. C., Humeston, Iowa, asks: "If the earth were pierced through the center, and a cannon ball were dropped in at the opening, in which direction the ball would behave, supposing the earth to be of uniform density throughout."

If such an experiment were possible, the cannon ball would drop to the center of the earth, and there remain stationary. The earth's center is the point to which all objects are attracted by gravitation. An object dropped at any point on the earth's surface is drawn downward toward the earth's center.

The "Big Four" Railroad.

J. H., Gibbon, Neb., asks for the origin of the term "Big Four," as applied to a prominent railroad system. The "Big Four" took that name from the fact that the original line of road connected the cities of Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis. It was known as the C., C., C. & I. Under the new management, for the sake of convenience, it was called the "Big Four," because it was named after these four cities. Since that time the system has evolved into one of the greatest in the country.

State Banks.

G. M. H., Jonesport, Mo.: Your question as to state banks was answered fully in the Weekly Blade of December 1, 1892. State bank theorists desire to have the tax on state banks removed, and also to abolish the national banking system, and that state banks issue bills, as they did before the war. The errors of this system of state banking and "wild cat" money are fully detailed in the issue of The Blade referred to above.

Expense of Government.

O. P. R., Marengo, Ill.: We cannot print the expense of running the government each year since it was instituted. The ordinary expense of the government for the year 1891, was $365,772,905, and as the country grows the expenses increase each year. The total expense of the government since it was established is $12,674,448,061, and the total revenues, excluding loans, $11,872,076,249.

Marriage Contracts.

W. A. B., of Hattonia, O., says: "How can any two persons get married by civil contract in the state of Ohio?"

There is no way possible. The laws of Ohio do not recognize such marriages—that is, unless you consider a marriage by a justice of the peace a civil contract.

Miscellaneous.

R. W. K., Saginaw, Mich.: We are sorry to say that we do not know.

J. W., North Auburn, O.: The new Ohio school law will go into effect April 1, 1893.

J. M. P., Buena Vista, Wash.: We cannot reprint "Marching Through Georgia." We have printed it several times.

M. H., Plattsburg, O.: Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, Austro-Hungary and Italy are known as the Great Powers of Europe.

F. J. D., Burlton, Kan.: At the end of the year 1891 there were 64,329 postoffices in the United States. This number has increased since then.

T. F. W., Willow Creek, Kan.: Any unmarried woman who is of age may take up public land according to the regulations. Write to your nearest land office.

M. A. T., Mt. Carmel, Ill.: We cannot tell you the name of the chief of the Scotland Yard detective force. Write a letter addressed to "Chief Inspector, Scotland Yard, London, England."

R. R. H., New Windsor, Col.: Certain public documents are furnished to members of Congress for distribution. You will have to depend on your Representative in Congress for them.

J. C., Bournesville, O.: We do not know who the school commissioner or state superintendent of public instruction of Kansas is. Address a letter to "State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Topeka, Kansas," and it will reach the proper person.

R. E. L., Burrville, Tenn.: The state of Tennessee will be represented at the World's Fair. You would better write to the secretary of state at Nashville, who will place you in communication with the commissioners of your state.

A. C., Bristol, Ind., and J. G., Werden, Ill.: We shall publish the winners of our campaign premiums just as soon as we find who they are. We have no means of ascertaining until the official vote of each state has been delivered to the secretary of State at Washington, D. C. Excepting a few instances, this has not yet been done.

W. A. C., Brighton: Twenty-five cent pieces of 1854, without arrows, are worth $4 each. There are very few of this date without arrows. There are no premiums on 25-cent pieces of 1854. Read the rules at the top of its column. Quarters of 1853, with arrows on each side the date, are worth only 25 cents.

A Lucky Baby.

The Chinese baby at Washington, which is yet so young that it has not been through one Presidential term of four years, has already fallen heir to the finest opal in the world. The opal belongs to the Chinese minister. It is as large as a pigeon's egg and is surrounded by beautiful white diamonds. The minister wears it in his cap on state occasions, and the baby wore it upon the day in baby's life which corresponds to an American christening.

Not Possible.

Higgins—I hear De Slim fell in a fit yesterday.

Wiggins—It can't be so. He had on an English-made suit of clothes.—Detroit Free Press.

THE GETTING IT DOWN is bad enough, with the ordinary pill. But the having it down is worse. And, after all the disturbance, there's only a little temporary good.

From beginning to end, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're the smallest and easiest to take—tiny, sugar-coated granules that any child is ready for. Then they do their work so easily and so naturally that it lasts. They absolutely and permanently *cure* Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

THE MAKERS of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say: "If we can't cure your Catarrh no matter what your case is, we'll pay you $500 in cash." Now you can see what is said of other remedies, and decide which is most likely to cure you. Costs only 50 cents.

FATHER M'GLYNN.

The Re-Instatement of the Noted Catholic Priest.

The restoration of the Rev. Dr. Edward F. McGlynn by the ablegate, Mgr. Satolli, to full powers as a priest, is creating considerable disturbance in the Catholic world. Comments both favorable and otherwise have been very generally made, and it is difficult to tell what the result of it all will be. Dr. McGlynn has been restored to power, according to the statement furnished by a representation of Satolli, "after having satisfied the pope's legate on all the points in his case." On the other hand, it is stated that Archbishop Corrigan's charges against McGlynn of disobedience and preaching false doctrines, have not been acted on at all by Satolli, but still hang over the priest's head.

A New York ecclesiastic occupying a high place, states that a letter written by McGlynn to the pope at the time he was ordered to Rome, was "suppressed,"

FATHER M'GLYNN.

never reached Leo, and that it would have averted excommunication on the charge of "contumacy," had the letter been received.

However, there is considerable dissatisfaction expressed at Satolli's action and there are rumors of an appeal to Rome, although Archbishop Corrigan has frequently expressed a desire that McGlynn might be restored to the priesthood.

It will be remembered that Dr. McGlynn was removed from St. Stephen's church, New York, in December, 1886, on the ground that he held doctrines as to the ownership of land that were contrary to the teaching of the church, and that he had not obeyed the order to keep out of politics.

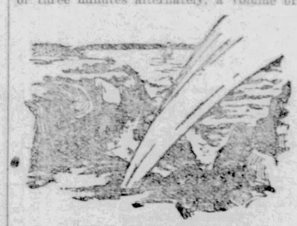
He was excommunicated in July 1887, and since then has been prominent as a public speaker, addressing the Anti-Poverty society on Sunday evenings.

—People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

A SPOUTING ROCK.

A Salt Water Ocean Geyser at Santa Cruz.

One of the strangest things to be seen at Santa Cruz these days is a rock through which the sea water boils and bubbles furiously. The spouting rock was developed during the recent great storm. Every two or three minutes alternately, a volume of



THE OCEAN GEYSER.

water 60 feet high shoots into the air. To view it wholly from the surface it appears to be a gigantic geyser, compared with which those of the Yellowstone Park are at times insignificant.

The phenomenon is explained easily. The constant action of the breakers has worn a tunnel through the soft rock from the ocean to the top of the cliff, and the power of rushing waves forces the water in it to the surface with a sound like the roar of artillery.—San Francisco Examiner.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervousness, debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Charles Gaus, Marshall, Mich.

LOVE'S SYNONYMS.

What is my sun?
A silken floss
That young winds tangle, and twine, and toss,
A floating halo that gilds the air,
And the floss—my sun—is your golden hair,
Your hair,
Baby boy!

What are my stars?
Sweet pansies two,
With hearts of purple, and rims of blue,
Love shines within them in stellar guise,
And my pansy stars are your two bright eyes,
Your eyes,
Baby boy!

What is my rose?
A love-cup shy;
Sweet draught of kisses within it lie,
It brims with laughter and love and youth,
And the cup—my rose—is your rose-red mouth,
Your mouth,
Baby boy!

What is my bird?
An unseen lyre,
Whose sweet strains echo from angel choir,
Its songs of heaven bid earth rejoice,
And the lyre—my bird—is your childish voice,
Your voice,
Baby boy!

What are my life,
My love, my bliss?
Your gold young tresses, your eyes, your kiss!
In these my rapture; elsewhere my rue,
For my whole, whole world is just you, sweet you!
Just you,
Baby boy!
—New York Recorder.

Shoots it on the Spot—It fights to Kill. ST JACOBS OIL is the sworn enemy of Pain. It wins its Battles and Comes off Conqueror.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTD.

Seed Corn.

Wm. S., Illinois: Yes, corn kept one or two years is good for seed, if it has been kept properly. Of course, if it has been where it has become moldy, or damp, it will not germinate, but if kept in a dry bin, it will do well if planted.

Sprained Back.

J. A. M., California: If nothing but the muscles are involved in the sprain your horse received when he rolled down a mountain with a pack on his back, proper treatment will restore them. Give 3 drs. powdered aloes and 1 oz. bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this give the following powders night and morning: Nux vomica, 1 oz.; pulverized gentian root, 2 ozs.; Jamaica ginger, 1 oz. Mix and divide into 12 powders. Appy a blanket wrung out in hot water once a day to the small of the back. It should be kept very warm for an hour. Then remove it, dry the part, and rub in some of this liniment: Linseed oil, 8 ozs.; turpentine, 6 ozs.; oil origanum, 4 ozs. The horse must be kept as quiet as possible for at least four weeks. A sprain is slow to heal. If the urine is highly colored give 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre each day for three days.

Cow Has Cough—Discharge from Nose.

R. J. C., North Dakota: Examine the nostrils and see if there are swellings. If so, inject with olive oil to prevent the drying of the secretions. For the cough, give gumcum, 2 ozs.; sassafras root, 1 oz.; water, 1 quart. Boil to a pint and add 1-2 oz. liquorice stick. When dissolved, strain, and give in two doses, night and morning. Give the cow a quart of linseed oil. Follow this with sulphate of iron, 2 drs.; powdered nux vomica, 2 drs.; powdered gentian, 1 oz.; this amount in dry food as a drench once a day for a week. Rub the breast of the cow with mustard water, about as thick as cream. The water should be warm. The editor is of opinion that the lung is not affected. If it were, there can be but little done, as consumption is as hard to cure in a cow as in man.

Vaginitis.

W. A. R., Maryland: Your mare is troubled with vaginitis. Give no corn for about a month. Give a cathartic, as follows: 16 ozs. raw linseed oil and 2 ozs. spirit of sweet nitre. Inject for first five days with warm barley water alone; after this, for several days, inject warm linseed tea, 1 pint; sulphate of zinc, 1 dr. Be careful to secure the mare, so that she will not do you harm. Take care to allow free escape for all discharges.

CORRESPONDNC.

Grafting Tame Plums on Wild Ones.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have grafted them several years successfully, and apricots also. I graft close to the ground, and I have had them to grow six feet the first year. The only trouble is that the tame plums grow faster than the stalk.—N. Bee, Nebraska.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have grafted on wild stock for the past 20 years. I always graft below the ground. I clear the dirt away from wild sprouts until I come in contact with the roots that run outward. Then I saw or cut off the sprouts about one and a half inches above the roots; then split stock and insert the cion on which there are three buds. Wrap the graft as you would forapples, and cover up all but the top bud. This is known as the shoulder-graft process. Keep all suckers grubbed off. The second year they will grow on their own roots. When taken up for transplanting cut off the wild root. When I dig up sprouts I use the cleft-graft process, and set out in nursery rows. When three years old I take up and cut off wild roots. In this way I have trees on their natural roots. As to rabbits gnawing young trees always take tar paper, cut in strips, tie around trees and your trees are safe. They cannot stand the smell of gas tar. Tie strips up and down the trees. As to moles or gophers, I see a good deal said about trapping them. I have trapped in these Rocky mountains and would say the easiest way to get rid of either is to take a lot of small potatoes, the size of hickory nuts or walnuts, take your penknife and split potato half through; then insert the blade of your knife in a bottle of strychnine and put the contents in the potato and close the cut. In this way fix a pail full, then with a hoe start out and in their holes roll a potato. Leave the hole open, as they will come to close up holes, and will eat the potatoes, when it is good-bye, pups and all. In this way go over your whole field.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have been grafting plums on wild stock for years. I have put in 3,000 or 4,000 grafts every spring—apples, pears and plums. Wild, or red, plums grow all over this state, but will not bear without grafting, and it is said that black knots will not come on a tree that is grafted on wild stock. Two years ago I moved here, and I found if I did much grafting I would have to graft plums; so I commenced some experiments, and I will give you the results. Rules for grafting plums—the time for grafting plums is about ten days. First, cut the cions when the bud begins to show the green, which is about May 1 in New York, and put them in the same day. Second, do not let the sun shine on the cion after it is wilted; it will not grow if the sun turns the color. Third, cut strong cions, as large as a small pencil. Whittle 1 1-2 inches, leaving three buds on top of stub, on outside; cut veins off leading to it. Push the cion down until the bud comes out on the corner of the stub. This is cion budding. Fourth, wax it with soft wax. Make it air and waterright. Fifth, wind the stub with a strip of cloth one inch wide; draw tight and fasten.—W. W. Cleaver, Meadville.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—About five years ago I had a wild plum tree on my place. I grafted the tree in the top with green gages. In the fall of 1891 I had twelve quarts of perfect plums. I grafted the same on apples or pears.—Charles Ottaway, Pennsylvania.

Scab in Sheep.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Here is a cheap remedy for killing scab on sheep, or ticks; it will also kill lice on horses, colts, cattle and calves: Go to the cigar factory and get three tobacco sacks full of the stems (they are very cheap); put up so you can put them in large kettles; boil until very strong. Put this in a kerosene barrel, fill two-thirds full; have two men take the sheep by the legs, put them in tall foremost; keep them in two or three minutes and you will not be troubled any more. I am in my 86th year, have kept sheep all my life, and know it well.—H.

I will give The Blade readers a safe preventive for young fruit trees: Go to the woods, any time when the bark will peel, with a strong knife. Ring around the tree high enough from the ground to reach up as high as you want protection. Then at the bottom slash it from top to bottom; peel it off, champer it at the bottom; dig around the tree so you can chuck it in the ground. In the spring you can take them off and put away till fall, then peel and put them on again.—William Dickerman, Illinois.

MISCELLANOUS.

Bots In Horses.

A bulletin issued from the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station relating to the gad-fly and a diagnosis of its eggs: The gad-fly (Gastrophilus equi) attacks the animal while grazing late in the summer, its object being not to derive sustenance, but to deposit its eggs. This is accomplished by means of a glutinous excretion, causing the ova (eggs) to adhere to their hairs. The parts selected are chiefly those of the shoulder, base of the neck, and inner parts of the fore legs, especially about the knees, for in these situations the horse will have no difficulty in reaching the ova with its tongue. When the animal licks those parts of the coat where the eggs have been placed the moisture of the tongue, aided by warmth, hatches the ova, and in something less than three weeks from the time of the deposition of the eggs the larvae have made their escape. As maggots they are next transferred to the mouth and ultimately to the stomach along with food and drink. A great many larvae perish during this progressive mode of immigration, some being dropped from the mouth and others being crushed in the fodder during mastication. It has been calculated that out of the many hundreds of eggs deposited on a single horse scarcely one out of 50 of the larvae arrive within the stomach. Notwithstanding this waste the interior of the stomach may become completely covered (unticular portion) with bots. Whether there be few or many they are anchored in this situation chiefly by means of two large cephalic hooks. After the bots have attained perfect growth they voluntarily loosen their hold and allow themselves to be carried along the alimentary canal until they escape with the feces. In all cases they sooner or later fall to the ground, and when transferred to the soil they bury themselves beneath the surface in order to undergo transformation into the pupa condition. Having remained in the earth for a period of six or seven weeks, they finally emerge from their pupal cocoons as perfectly dipterous (winged) insects—the gad-fly. It thus appears that bots ordinarily pass about eight months of their lifetime in the digestive organs of the horse.

According to Prof. Michener, bots seldom—not more than once in ten thousand times—cause colic. They may, when present in large numbers, slightly interfere with digestion, but beyond this they are, with those few exceptions, entirely harmless. It is entirely useless to attempt to dislodge them from the stomach, and they will go at their appointed time, which is mostly during the months of May and June.

Reasoning Animals.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly gives this illustration which he thinks amply proves that animals can reason: A cow and steer—the latter two to three years old—were the only occupants of the farmyard where the occurrence took place. A baiting of hay was put out to them, the cow taking possession. The steer wished to share it; but the cow was selfish and was bent on taking the whole of it, and as often as he would maneuver around from side to side to get a bite she would drive him off at the point of her horn. The steer was so persistent that at last the old cow's patience gave way, and making a determined and vicious charge on him, punished him severely, though she was the cow own offspring. The steer felt badly hurt, not only in body, but evidently in mind as well, and immediately started out of the yard and off down the lane toward the pasture where were the rest of the stock, bellowing vengeance at every step in a language which was unmistakable to the bystander and which the mother well understood, as she ceased eating and listened intently to the threatenings of what was to come. When these died away in the distance she resumed her ration, but with evident apprehension. In due time the steer was seen returning, bringing with him a companion larger and stronger than himself. As they approached, the ruminings of rage and revenge could be again heard, which grew louder as they came nearer. The cow took in the situation at once and was now terror-stricken. As her assailants rushed into the yard, she tucked them and rushed out at the said death speed, and away toward the rest of the stock in the field, all with her panniers close in her track.

FREE PORTRAITS AND FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged Life-like Portraits (together with frame complete) ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more advertising than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this notice. Address all your letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 321 Marcy Ave., photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 321 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: All banks and Express Cos. in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photo.

SAVE MONEY

CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-160 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Dressing the Hair.

The fashion of hairdressing is at the present moment in a state of chaos. Some favor the Greek coiffure, perched on a level with the crown, and others wear a Greek knot, standing out straight at the back of the head, about midway between the crown and the neck. For evening wear, again, it is not unusual to see the back dressed high and narrow so that the top being kept level, the back arrangement peeps above. One of the newest styles

Talmage's Sermon.

NO LINES IN GOD'S GEOMETRY.

Christ is the Center of the Heavenly Circumference—Dr. Talmage On a Trip Through the South.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now making a ten-days' tour of the Southern cities, preached at Atlanta yesterday. The throngs in and around the audience hall were beyond estimate. The subject chosen was, "The Circle of the Earth," the text being Isaiah xl. 22: "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you will find him geometrizing, you will find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young! If it had lived long enough, it would have been a full orb, a perfidery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides. Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over thirty-five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and compass. Every artist has his molding room, where he may make fifty shapes; but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's molding room, but I do say, out of a great many figures, God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is he that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the center of that circle.

When men build churches they ought to imitate the idea of the great architect, and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of his right hand; but he did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilineer, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from his hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows, but it will in due time make complete circuit, and come back to the place where it started—the hand of God—pure and Edenic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small wits, the ship of Noah's time beat the Majestic and the Etruria, and the City of Paris, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety?—two of each kind of living creatures, thousands of species. Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the Paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and the Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arboreseence of the year one. If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry we shall have, after a while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, a cement that shall be which I saw last summer in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago—that mortar is to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlived both the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years, masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries in England, and you find them making cups and vases after the old style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh no! but it is swinging in a circle, and will come to the style of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction, the curve will keep right on until it becomes the circle.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, and the circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sunday school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man inquiring in business, and in the same week you make a prayer of exhortation in a prayer meeting. It is all gone; you will never hear of it, perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes up to you, and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath school class over which you were the teacher; one Sunday you invited me to Christ, I accepted the offer; you see that church with two towers yonder. "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach," or "Do you see that governor's house?" That is where I live." One day a man comes to you and says, "Good morning." You look at him and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember 20 years ago giving a letter of introduction to Moses H. Grinnell?" "Yes, yes, I do." He says, "I am the man; that was my first step toward a fortune; but I have retired from business now, and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up an see me." Or a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer meeting in Atlanta some years ago; I sat back by the door; you arose to make an exhortation; that talk changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to heaven, under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty, or thirty years, the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudged him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going step by step. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After a while your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever, and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you the "old chap!" What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father, forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmasticable and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago? A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of his head. The gentleman, outraged at his brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right: forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle. My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome delight or curse of condemnation.

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven; and at last the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. Oh, then I would like to see him. No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence, save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at 83 years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity; his bad influence, widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the 115 years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell; until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in fiery serge of omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well now," say perhaps in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory, and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with affright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle, and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man, the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and on, but you take your position behind the Cross and the wheel strikes the Cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again; and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip his memory, one thing he is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life, it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four-square." That does seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle moving and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says: "I heard the voice of many angels around the throne, and the beasts and the elders." Again he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances a circle; the last either a circle or semi-circle. The seats facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheater of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory. His all the praise. His all the crowns. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about him. Take off the imperial sandal from his foot, and behold the scar of the pike. Lift the coronet of dominion from his brow, and see where was the laceration of the briars. Come closer all heaven. Narrow the circle around his great heart. O Christ, the Saviour? O Christ, the man! O Christ the God! Keep thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

TOM JOHNSON,

The Free Trader, and His Ruddy Baby Face.

Tom L. Johnson, member of Congress from the Twenty-first Ohio district, who made such a sensation at the recent New York Reform club dinner by his philippic against the "sugar-coated protectionists" in the Democratic party and his demand for new leaders and a new policy in the next House of Representa-

TOM L. JOHNSON.

tives, is one of the most radical of all the men prominent in national public life to-day. It was he who induced five other Congressmen to help him insert the free trade book, "Protection or Free Trade?" in the Congressional Record under the "leave-to print" privileges, and who, during the campaign afterward, printed and circulated over a million copies, largely at his own expense, and not the expense of the government, as has been widely represented. Elected to Congress two years ago as an absolute free trader and single taxer, the Indianapolis Sentinel says he yet more strongly asserted these principles in the recent campaign, and, in a district gerrymandered last summer to give a Republican majority of 2,000 votes, received a majority of 3,200, almost as many as before the district was changed against him. He is said to be one of the most active of the men representing the radical element in Congress who are working for the election of William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, as speaker of the next House. If he should not serve out his two years in the coming Congress it will be owing probably to his being called to the governor's chair at Columbus, O., he being talked of as much as Congressman Outhwaite and Lawrence Neal for the Democratic candidacy against McKinley.

—"Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla doesn't do handsomely then nothing does. Have you ever tried it?

FOREVER.

Two little streamlets leaped and flowed,
And sang their songs together;
They felt alike the summer's rays,
And bore the stormy weather;
The self-same blossoms decked them both
In colors rich and rare;
And in each stream the song birds wooed
Their bright reflections there.
And on, and on, and on they danced,
Each leaping toward the river,
And then they met to kiss and part
Forever and forever.

Two human lives, two kindred hearts,
By destiny's decree,
Met in the spring of life, to learn
Its deepest mystery.
They dreamed their morning dreams of hope
Through fair, unclouded weather;
They opened love's bewitching book,
And read it through together;
They saw in one another's eyes
A deep, unspoken bliss;
And from each other's lips they took
Love's ever ready kiss.

And then the fate that crushes all
The sweetest pleasures here
Turned hope's glad music to a sigh,
Its glory to a tear.
It stepped between them; ah, it mocked
The love it could not kill;
It bade them in its fury live,
And love and suffer still.
They tried with outstretched hands to span
Fate's wide, unyielding "Never,"
The voice of destiny replied:
"Forever and forever."

Mine is no wild, imagined theme,
No fleeting fancy flight;
It lives through daylight's busy hours,
And haunts the silent night.
The wail of sorrow fills the air,
It rests, it ceases never.
It writes some soul, it breaks some heart,
Forever and forever.
—Chambers's Journal.

Hospitality.

A shoemaker has a card in his window reading: "Any respectable man, woman, or child can have a fit in this store."—Bangkok Times.

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The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Young Army Officers.

Editor Camp Fire:—The youngest officer in the Union army, who ever wore the double star, was Gen. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, who was commissioned colonel of the 9th regiment of that state when but a little over 20 years of age, and a brevet major general when but six months past his 22d birthday. Pennypacker was terribly wounded at Fort Fisher, and has never recovered, though he has had the best medical advice in Europe, as well as in America. The youngest full colonel in the Union army I ever heard of was William E. Hobson, of the —— Kentucky infantry. Gen. Schofield says that Col. Hobson was not more than 20 years old when he commanded a veteran regiment of infantry, in the 23d Army Corps during Sherman's great Southern campaign, and part of the time the boy was the ranking officer in the brigade, "and," said Gen. Schofield, "a more intrepid fighter I never had under me." The youngest lieutenant colonel there is any account of was Lieut. Col. William Boyle, of the —— Kentucky infantry, who was only a month beyond his 19th birthday when he was commissioned. He was either killed in action or died of wounds in the last year of the war.

"Kentucky seems to have had a number of very young field officers among the Union soldiers, for another young full colonel was J. Rowan Boone, of Louisville, a relative of the famous pioneer, who was just 21 when he took command of the 28th Kentucky infantry, which was then an old regiment. Col. Boone's father took the regiment out, and being disabled from wounds, his son succeeded him in the command, and in 1865 brought it home. Col. John M. Bacon, late of Gen. Sherman's staff, was the major of the 4th Kentucky cavalry many months before he was 21. Gen. Eli Murray, of the same state, afterward governor of Utah, was a brigadier general when he was but 22. Gen. Mackenzie, of the army, who died seven years ago, was a colonel when he was but 23. Custer held the rank of brigadier general when 25, and Merritt, of the 5th cavalry, was only ten months older when he received the same grade. Lieut. Col. S. M. Mansfield, of the corps of engineers, a son of the old inspector general of the army, was a little beyond 21 when he commanded the 24th Connecticut infantry, a crack regiment from the Nutmeg state, in the army af the Potomac.—J. C. M.

A Remarkable Record.

Editor Camp Fire:—Comrade S. A. B., Co. B. 2nd Tennessee cavalry, says he enlisted June 10, 1861, was in the seige of Vicksburg, Knoxville and Nashville, was in some of the severest battles of the war, and was mustered out July 6, 1865, thus beating the record of Comrade R. B. M., Green Valley, Ill., who served within 18 days of four years. Now, I think I can go one better than either. I enlisted July 16, 1861, and was mustered out August 24, 1865, making four years, one month and eight days in the service.

I was at the battles of Carnifax, Sewell Mountain, Lewisburg and Charleston, Va.; worked on the canal in front of Vicksburg; was at Mission Ridge, Resaca, Dalton, Big Shanty, Kenesaw, Atlanta and Jonesborough.

I was with Sherman on his march to the sea, and participated in the battles of Fort McAlister, Columbia, Bentonville and Goldsborough, then on to Richmond and Washington. I was never absent without leave, nor in the guard house, I have no hospital record, and my eyes are good enough to see to vote the way we pointed our guns. I have had rheumatism, and also every die of the way except a reasonable pension.—J. S. R., Co. D, 47th regiment O. V. I.

Good Family Record.

Editor Camp Fire:—My family have a record that I would like to see beaten. There were seven brothers and ten nephews enlisted in the Union army, and fought for the preservation of the country. I will send a chromo to any person who can beat this record.—L. H. N., Co. A, 129th, O. V. I.

A Visit to Resaca.

Editor Camp Fire:—I made a visit to the dismal spot where Gen. McClellan's brigade made the fatal charge in the memorable battle of Resaca, which caused the most serious loss to our regiment that it suffered in all its campaign of 311 days. I was accompanied by a rebel comrade in the 52d Ga. Line. He showed me where we charged in the assault on the rebel works, and to look at the place now it seems no man could have escaped death in such a place. Our regiment lost 450 men, killed and wounded, in that day's engagement. As I stood on the battlefield at this late day I felt lonely and meditative as I recollected those who fell by my side that day, who had mingled with me in the camp and on the march. On this spot they fell, and from this field went the sad news to father, mother and wife in the distant North.

One of the saddest sights I witnessed at that battle was three brothers, the Frontman boys, all mortally wounded, lying side by side, neither able to help the other. It was a lonesome visit, with nothing to disturb my thoughts of the past. Then I thought of the living comrades, scattered all over this country, and I grew homesick to see them. Comrades come to the front and let us talk to each other on paper.—J. M. B., Co. A, 3d regiment Tenn. Vol. Inf.

A Brave Soldier.

Editor Camp Fire:—One of the bravest men who ever carried a gun was Col. N. J. Burke, who organized Company K of the Missouri militia. He was a born soldier, and was as fearless as a lion. For his gallantry displayed at Wilson Creek and Boonville he was promoted to be captain of the 14th Regulars of the 33d regiment of Illinois When he took charge of the company it was poorly drilled, but by his energies the company became one of the best disciplined in the army. I often thought him irrational, for at the battle of Shiloh he led us on a charge against overwhelming odds. His horse, which was shot from under him, was pierced by 57 bullets, and though the colonel had several bullet holes in his clothes, he came out unharmed. At the battle of Chattanooga the poor fellow met his fate. A ball shattered his left leg, which had to be amputated, and a few days afterward he died. We will visit his grave to-day at Calvary cemetery and refresh the memory of his gallantry.—J. O. C.

Anticipated Death.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was 18 years of age when I entered the army for active service. I belonged to the 7th Indiana Cavalry and served four years. My hardest battle was at Guntown, Miss., in the raid with Gen. Grierson. I was shot in the left side in this raid. I was at the capture of Marmaduke, Fagan and others at the Osage River in Missouri, also. After the war I served under Gen. Custer through Texas for a year. The strangest experience that came to me during the war was at the battle of Guntown. We were about to enter into a battle with Gen. Foster. I had a very brave soldier named John Marsh. Poor man, he must have known that death awaited him in the forest beyond, for he came to me with his watch in hand and said: "Captain I wish you would accept this gift from me, for I know I shall have no use for it after this battle." I parryed with him, but it was no use. I had to take the timepiece. Several hours afterward we were in the midst of the fight. The bullets flew thick and fast, and limbs of trees were actually torn asunder. My friend of the hour before was alongside of me. Suddenly the poor fellow clasped his hands to his breast and fell to the ground—dead.—C. H. S.

A Guest of Captain Wirz.

Editor Camp Fire:—As I have seen nothing from any of the boys of my regiment, I thought I would throw on a few rails to draw some of them out. I enlisted at Rushville, Ind., and served three years and nine months, nearly one-third of which time was in rebel prisons. I was captured in Mississippi on the raid from Vicksburg to Meridian. We were carried to Kosinski, where we stayed 13 days, when myself and a Kentucky comrade made our escape, but were recaptured near Grenada by a guerrilla band and turned over to Col. Richardson at Meridian, where I was robbed of every thing I had. We walked from there to Columbus barefoot, in very cold weather, and then went into Alabama, where we were joined by the survivors of the Ft. Pillow massacre. We remained there a few days and were then taken to Andersonville, where we fell into the hands of Capt. Wirz. Our rations were one pint of corn meal every 24 hours. If there are any of the boys living who helped to eat the dog while in prison, I would like to hear from them through the Camp Fire.—J. T. S., Co. D, 52d Ind. Vol.

Bill Littlejohn and the Canteens.

Editor Camp Fire:—"Bill Littlejohn came to us as a green recruit in March, '64, down at Ringgold, Ga., just before breaking up of winter quarters for the march to Atlanta," said Pegleg, as he cut off a chew of tobacco about the size of a Columbian half dollar. After placing this sweet morsel in a safe corner of his mouth, the old vets, his regular audience, gathered closer around him, for all knew that something interesting never before in print was coming to the front. "Littlejohn," said Pegleg, "was not little by a long shot, but a Longjohn sort of a feller, darn cunning, but awfully green when it suited him. Now, boys, I had two legs in the spring of '64, and was corporal of Co. K. Capt. Keeler told me to take the greenhorns out and just drill 'em enough, so they'd know sick call from taps. Well, gentlemen, all went off as nice as log rollin', till Littlejohn joined the squad; couldn't do anything with him; his legs were too long for any military use; his feet covered more Georgia soil than anybody's, and his hands were mostly in his breeches pockets. Well, thinks I, no use bothering with him much anyhow, for some Johnny sharpshooter will make a target of him first skirmish we'll get into. Well, we had a pretty tough time an Resaca but sure as my leg's off, Littlejohn answered to his name every night at roll call till we got past Kingston. One night, after marching till 'bout midnight, we stacked arms in a wheatfield, and the water was scarce; not a drop could we find. Finally our sergeant detailed three men who took all of Co. K's canteens, and told 'em go and hunt water. Bill Littlejohn was one of 'em; all right they started out, but we never saw any of them again till three days afterwards Littlejohn turned up just at breakfast time, bright as a whistle, but without his partners, and without canteens. Well, you bet Co. K raised a fuss about them canteens.

"Bill never said a word, but kept on going from mess to mess fillin' up on hard tack and coffee, till he ran up against Capt. Keeler. 'Well,' says Cap., 'where have you been, and what did you do with our canteens?' 'Throwed 'em away,' says Bill. 'What for?' says Cap. 'What for?' says Bill; 'why, Capt. Keeler, if you'd a bin there, I be hanged if you hadn't done the same.' 'Why, how do you make that out?' says Cap, kind o'doubtful. 'Tell you, Cap., we met a nigger who said if water was all we be lookin' for he'd lead us onto it, and he marched us right smack in Joe Johnson's pickets, and if it hadn't a bin for my legs, I wouldn't be here now a facin you, Cap. As for the other two fellers I reckon the rebs gobbled them.' 'Well, boys,' Bill marched through Pennsylvania avenue in grand review with us, and I heard from an Iowa feller the other day that he is raizin onions up there."—Fred Rogge, late E, 38th Ohio.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors of excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address J. D. House, Lock Box A, Albion, Mich.

SENATOR STANFORD,

Of California, Now Lying at the Point of Death.

The Senatorial fight in California may soon take a new turn, for Senator Stanford is at present so ill that his physicians for bid his leaving California for Washington. He has not been in Washington since Congress opened, and his condition is so alarming that the legislature in his state may be obliged to prolong its session in order to fill a

LELAND STANFORD.

vacancy without the aid of the governor.

Leland Stanford was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican in 1884, to succeed J. T. Farley, Democrat and was re-elected in '90. His term of office will expire in 1897.

He was born in Albany county, New York, March 9, 1824, and in '49 was admitted to practice law in the Supreme court of the state of New York. After practicing his profession for some years in Wisconsin, he removed in '56 to Sacramento.

Stanford was a delegate to the national Republican convention at Chicago in 1860; and served as governor of California from '61 to '63. He is president of the Central Pacific Railroad company, and is interested in other railroads on the Pacific Slope, in agriculture, and in manufactures.

Lying Analyzed.

A lie is not necessarily an untruth at all. It may be merely an overstatement of truth, or putting an emphasis in the wrong place. A bent mirror is as really a mirror as if it were a plane surface, yet it lies to every man who walks before it, making him think himself a son of Anak. You may construct a falsehood out of any truth whatsoever by twisting it a trifle out of shape.—Christian Intelligencer.

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CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Sunday School.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, JAN. 29, 1893.

The Spirit of the Lord.

Golden text: Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4:6.

LESSON TEXT.

(Zech. 4:1-10.)

1. And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man that is wakened out of his sleep,

2. And said unto me, What seest thou? And I said, I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof:

3. And two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof.

4. So I answered and spake to the angel that talked with me, saying, What are these, my lord?

5. Then the angel that talked with me answered and said unto me, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my lord.

6. Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

7. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.

8. Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

9. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you.

10. For who hath despised the day of small things? for they shall rejoice, and shall see the plummet in the hand of Zerubbabel with those seven; they are the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro through the whole earth.

Illustrative Applications.

The angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man that is wakened out of his sleep (v. 1). It is not always the preacher's fault that his hearers go to sleep. Paul was more than an average sermonizer; but he couldn't keep all his congregation awake until his service was through with. And here it seems that a prophet needed arousing, while an angel was preaching to him. It is the weakness of the flesh that leads to any such sleeping; but it is a weakness that is surer to show itself in religious exercises than anywhere else. Men who would keep awake in a theater to hear a popular play from beginning to end, or who would never doze while there was a chance to make money in sharp competition, have been known to snore or nod in sermon time.

It seems that this angel was able to arouse his hearer. In that he was superior to the ordinary preacher.

And he said, What seest thou? (v. 2). There is nothing like a plain question to force attention on a half-asleep or a newly waked hearer. If you have anything to show to a sluggish scholar, don't begin by telling him what it is, but ask him what he sees. This is the best way in the world to interest the youngest children in any picture you may show them. Ask them what they see there, or if they can point out in it a horse, or a dog, or a house, or a man. This gives them something to do, and sets all their faculties at work in its doing. And the same plan is the one for Bible study and teaching. Ask your scholars to look at the text, and say what they find in it. Don't tell them anything until you find out what they can tell you. They will learn most in this way, and you may learn more than you think for.

I answered, What are these, my Lord? (v. 4). If we want to learn, we must ask questions as well as answer them. Whoever is willing to be a teacher is willing to be questioned. We need never fear giving offense by questioning in a proper spirit those who are teaching us. We can even ask questions of God—ask him what our duty is, ask him how to do what we have to do, ask him to tell us whatever we need to know or to do in his service, and he will give us an answer. It is wonderful that we can never gain the wisdom we ought to have without asking questions. It is a foolish pride or a culpable neglect which would keep us from this mode of acquirement.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts (v. 6.) It is hard for Christians to accept this as a practical truth in ordinary religious activities. They will think that a church is stronger for having wealthy members; that fifty rich men and women with the average spirituality of the rich are worth more just there for the "support of the gospel" and the extension of Christ's kingdom than one plain man or one poor woman full of the Holy Ghost, praying and working in that field. They cannot but feel that costly buildings, eloquent preaching, fine music, and a large congregation, have a good deal to do with church efficiency. Good rooms and improved machinery are supposed by some excellent people to be really essential to a first-class Sunday school. And, at all events, the normal class and the teachers' meeting and the best lesson-helps are counted no unimportant sources of power. But while the Holy Spirit can and does make good use of all such things in their place, they are in themselves of no help, of no power, for the Spirit's work. Unless they are used by the spirit, they amount to nothing for Christ's cause. No Bible study, no Sunday school teaching, no preaching, or praying, or praising, or giving, are of any account except as they are made effective by the Holy Spirit. Do you always realize that?

The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it (v. 9). God honors those who honor him. Although he never needs their help, he accepts their service, and approves the spirit which prompts them to offer it. If a man, from right motives, takes hold to start a Sunday school, to build a church, or to found a college, God is quite likely to give him a success in it beyond all human probability. One thing is very certain, if a man never takes hold of a work, he will never be able to finish a work. The surest way of having God's blessing doing a good thing is by beginning to do a good thing, and sticking at—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

—KEEP UP THAT RASPING COUGH at the peril of breaking down your Lungs and Throat, rather let the afflicted immediately resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which Cures all Coughs and Colds, and ameliorates all Lung Complaints and Throat-ails.

A Severe Test.

Teacher—Why did Jesus select Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother, to be apostles?

Robby—Because they were so honest.

Teacher—How did He know they were honest?

Robby—Because the first time He met them they owned up that they had been fishing all night and hadn't caught anything.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

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THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM.

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy,
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And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed oe'r him.

He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
It's heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.
—Philadelphia Times.

Just the Weather.

"We can't go buggy-riding in this driving rain," said young Mr. Trivvet to Miss Flypp.

"Why, I should just think we could!" replied the maiden. "If it's a driving rain both your arms will be at liberty, you know."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1892.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 109,000.

JANUARY EXPIRATIONS.

We had intended to withdraw our oer of "Nasby in Exile" and the two Columbus pictures with the Weekly Blade, at the end of December; but the demand for both premiums is now double what it was two months ago. Hence, we have decided to order the FOURTH edition of 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile," for the use of our subscribers in January.

Therefore, for the month of January, we will give the Weekly Blade one year and mail, postpaid, a copy of "Nasby in Exile," for ONE DOLLAR.

Or, we will, for one dollar, send the Weekly Blade one year and BOTH the "Columbus" pictures, which have been fully described in The Blade.

These two pictures are: "The Landing of Columbus," and "Columbus at the Court of Spain," size of each 17x24, beautifully colored in exact counterpart of the original paintings.

Or, on receipt of $1.25, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, one copy, postpaid, of "Nasby in Exile," and both the Columbus pictures. No paper in the United States offers so much for the money. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

TWO NEW PICTURES.

Those of The Blade's readers who are picture-lovers should not fail to note that we have added two more beautiful works of art to our list—"The Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca," and "Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee." Size of each, 21x28, on fine plate paper. See "Publishers' Column" on 5th page.

SOUVENIR COINS.

We have discontinued the advertisement of the World's Fair Souvenir coins with the Weekly Blade, but will receive orders for them, at least through the month of January. Our readers who desire them can easily refer to back numbers for the conditions of the offer.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

To give room for our Encyclopedia announcement, we omit the advertisement of "Nasby in Exile" from the fifth page this week. The offer continues, however, and it is easy for readers to refer to back numbers of The Blade for particulars.

OUR NEW PREMIUMS.

Read our new premium offer on the 5th page of this issue—a beautiful oak table, with the Weekly Blade one year, for only $2! This table is an ornament to any home—is substantial and useful as well. This offer is in line with our promise to supply to Blade subscribers articles of utility at a nominal price. It is a good thing to be a subscriber to this paper! This table retails in any furniture store for from $2 to $2.50. We have bought 1,000 of them for cash, and the Weekly Blade's readers will get them at exactly what they cost us. Send your orders promptly, for they will not last long!

CLUB RATES FOR THE BLADE.

Our agents' terms are now ready for this year, and we have made them exceedingly low. We want not only every one who usually acts as agent for newspapers to send to us for these terms, but we desire that any of our subscribers who will be interested to know how they can get a copy of the Weekly Blade free, to write for our agents' terms. We have made the price for small clubs lower than ever before offered by any dollar weekly newspaper. Write for confidential terms to agents. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

The Senate of the United States has passed the bill giving additional quarantine powers to the federal government, after an interesting discussion. It gives the President power not only to suspend immigration from infected countries, but to prohibit, entirely or partly, the incoming of persons or property therefrom. It now goes to the House, where there is likely to be a very lively discussion over it.

Weather history is being made every day now. The cold area extends over the entire globe, and in that respect is remarkable. It has been a long time since the isothermal zone in which Toledo is located has had such long continued cold weather, and this winter will be one to reckon from in the future. "As cold as '93," will be pretty cold when people look back to it.

Canada is coming down from the high perch she took under Sir John Thompson's introduction into office. The governor general, Lord Stanley, is going about the snow-banked towns of Ontario talking of "love to the home government," and endeavoring to allay annexation fears, and choke off the rapidly rising sentiment.

State Commissioner of Schools Corson has issued his annual report, and it has the merit of brevity, but is crammed full of facts. Mr. Corson has shown a deep interest in carrying out the Workman and Boxwell laws, and with his energy the public schools of Ohio, especially in the country districts, cannot but be bettered.

The Democratic press all over the country went into spasms when President Harrison appointed his old law partner as attorney-general. Now there is never a sound when Wilson Bissell, Mr. Cleveland's partner, is said to be slated for Mr. Miller's job.

In one of its "tariff pictures," the New York Press shows that in 1872 this country was collecting $5.23 per capita in duties on imports, while in 1892, under the McKinley law, it collected $2.66 per capita. This shows the humbuggery of the free trade howls about "a worse than war tariff."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S EXPERIMENT

The state of South Carolina has a new liquor law, known as the Evans act, which is noteworthy as being the first practical application in the United States of what is known as the "Gothenburg system," in vogue in Sweden. The South Carolina measure differs from the Gothenburg plan in one particular—that the state itself goes into the business, which in Sweden the privilege is sold to a private corporation, which is under the supervision of the state. The new law goes into operation on July 1 next. After that date the manufacture, sale or barter of any spirituous, malt, vinous, fermented or other intoxicating liquor is unlawful, except as provided for in the act. The governor of the state will appoint a state dispenser, who is expected to make the preparations for carrying it into effect. This officer shall conduct the state dispensary, which will be located in Columbia. This officer, however, is not given exclusive powers. His work is overlokked by a state board of control, composed of the governor, attorney general and comptroller general, whose voice is supreme.

This state dispenser purchases the liquors at wholesale, and bottles them stateat the state dispensary for shipment to the minor dispensaries throughout the state. The amount of liquor bought, when and from whom, is published quarterly. No bottle shall contain less than a half-pint, and must be sold without breaking the seal. The state dispensary alone has power to bring liquor into the state, or to ship it to any point therein. There must be attached to every package so shipped a statement that it is done by order of the state dispenser, and any railroad or express company carrying packages without this certificate is liable to prosecution. Not more than 50 per cent profit can be charged by the state dispensary, all of which goes into the state treasury. When this liquor is sold to the county dispensaries, however, another 50 per cent profit is added, which is equally divided between the county and the municipal corporation in which it is located. There may be ten dispensaries in Charleston, three in Columbia, and others in other than the county seat of any county at the discretion of the county board of control. This board is composed of three freeholders, who shall receive $2 per day when actually engaged at work, and they are empowered with the same control of the county dispensaries as that given the state board of control. It is the duty of this board to appoint the county dispenser and fix his salary. He shall be appointed upon petition of more than one-third of the freeholders who are voters of the county.

The person who desires to obtain liquor at a county dispensary is required to fill out a blank certificate, giving his name, age, residence, amount and kind of liquor wanted, and for what purpose. These will be entered in a book which will aways be kept open for inspection by the public. A severe penalty is prescribed for any false statement made in these certificates. The machinery for the enforcement of the law is sweeping and voluminous. The payment of the United States special tax, or the possession of liquors in sufficient quantities to indicate an intention to sell, is regarded as sufficient evidence for such conviction. There are very stringent provisions against the sale of liquor in social clubs, which will certainly abate that nuisance.

The provisions of the law intended to prevent the sale of liquors by any one save the county dispensers, are very drastic. All places where intoxicating liquors are sold, bartered or given away, except these dispensaries, or where persons are permitted to resort for the purpose of drinking intoxicating liquors as a beverage, or where intoxicating liquors are kept for sale, barter or delivery in violation of the law, are declared to be common nuisances, to be abated by heavy fine, imprisonment and confiscation. The attorney general, his assistant, the circuit solicitor, or any citizen of the county where such nuisance exists, or is kept or maintained, may maintain an action in the name of the state to abate and perpetually enjoin the same. At least one of these dispensaries will be established in every county in which licenses are now granted. In counties that are now dry it will require a petition signed by one-half the people to put them in operation.

The new law is not prohibitory, it will be seen. It simply takes the sale of liquors out of the hands of private citizens and commits it exclusively to the hands of state and county agents who are to be paid stated salaries, the profits of the business to go to the state and the counties and municipalities in which the liquors are sold. It is a law which allows the sale of liquor, but which exterminates the saloon, in the ordinary acceptance of that word. A man can not buy liquor to be drank on the premises. He can not call in a friend to "treat" him. All he can do is to buy a bottle of liquor, which he can take home or to his place of business, or anywhere else, and drink it alone, or in company with his friends and boon companions. The amount of liquor consumed will probably be lessened at first, but we doubt whether the law will fulfill the expectations of its promoters, if the latter hoped to find in it something which would eventually

Pulverize the Rum Power.

The New York World says that Croker, Hill, McLaughlin and Murphy run the state government of New York. This is not news. It is a chestnut. The World fought these men's battles last summer; now let it take its medicine. Democratic government in New York state means bossism. It has never meant anything else. Tammany is a diseased growth, a cancer on the body politic, and every campaign The World helps to spread the cancer.

The New York Recorder puts a vast deal of truth within a small compass when it declares that "the suspension of immigration and a national quarantine law are the two highest and most important questions now before Congress. The country demands these two enactments. Foreign steamship companies should not be allowed to frame our laws."

The proposition of the Tennessee state board of health favoring an international sanitary commission to prevent the spread of epidemics, is worthy of notice. Such a commission could secure the co-operation needed in such an emergency as the United States may be called upon to meet next summer.

Murphy, of New York, is evidently on the down grade. He was intended for a minister; instead of that he became a brewer; next he went into politics, and now he has been elected Senator. What lower deep yearns for him?

Mr. Hill and Mr. Croker should each have a private tiger.

AUSTRIA'S GOLD STANDARD.

The fact that Austria-Hungary has established the gold standard for her currency is tolerably well known in this country, but it has not received the attenion and discussion that it should, when the fact is considered that there are so many people in this country who are sincere but mistaken believers in financial fallacies. The history of the Austrian currency is briefly as follows:

Austria has suspended specie payments and resumed them several times during this century. The last suspension occurred during the war of 1859, when the government, pressed for money, resorted to the old device of inconvertible paper. Still further issues were made during the war of 1866. The Bank of Austria-Hungary was practically compelled to suspend specie payments, and to make a loan of inconvertible notes to the government. In addition the government issued notes of its own. Consequently there were two sorts of paper in circulation side by side, neither convertible into coin—government notes and bank notes. The total amount outstanding in 1891 was 834.1 millions of florins, of which 455.3 millions were bank notes and 378.8 millions government paper.

This mass of paper was theoretically based on silver. Austria had adopted the silver standard in 1857, and for a year or two, in 1858 and 1859, when there was a brief period of return to specie payments, she had actually used the silver standard. After the paper issuees of 1859 and 1866 silver was driven out, and the paper florin became the basis of the circulating medium, as our greenbacks were during our paper-money period. Silver was at a premium of 10, 15, 20, sometimes 50 per cent. In the period of peace which followed the war of 1866 the premium was kept within moderate limits, rarely exceeding 20 per cent.

Such was the situation in Austria when the great fall in the value of silver began in 1873. The first great collapse in the price of silver took place in 1876. As silver fell, the paper money appeared to rise; in fact, silver was simply falling to the level of the paper. An accurate measure of the fall in the silver florin was furnished by the gold florin, which Austria began to coin in 1870. The gold florin was only a coined ingot, like our trade dollar, without legal-tender quality; but it became the natural basis for transactions in foreign exchange and for measuring the steady depreciation of the silver coin. By 1879 that depreciation had proceeded so far that the silver florin was worth no more than the paper florin. If Austria had then accepted the situation without further ado, the resumption of specie payments in silver would have taken place of itself. Silver bullion would have been presented to the Austrian mint for coinage, silver coins would have entered into general circulation, and the paper would have conformed in value to the silver coins.

The situation, then, which the new legislation had to meet was this: A paper money having a perfectly arbitrary and artificial value; a silver coin which, though the nominal standard of value, was intrinsically worth less than the paper, and a gold coin not legal tender, and in law no more than a stamped and refined piece of bullion, which yet was the actual standard by which the value of both the silver and the paper was measured. The first and most important step towards removing these anomalies is the permanent introduction of the gold standard. Silver is deposed in law and in theory from its position as standard metal, as it has long been deposed in fact. Gold becomes the standard of value; the paper is to be redeemed in gold; silver becomes a subsidiary coin.

But the new gold standard is not that of the Austrian gold florin, which, as was noted above, began to be struck in 1870 as a trade coin. The new standard is that of the crown, a coin which has not only a new name, but a new weight and new intrinsic value. The crown is nominally half of a florin; it is equal to the gold value of half a paper florin. In other words, the paper money is not to be redeemed at its face value in gold florins, but in gold coins having less intrinsic value. The difference corresponds to the discount at which the paper has been in comparison with gold.

On the average of the last thirteen years it has required 119 paper florins to buy 100 gold florins; the new gold coins are given such a weight that their intrinsic value equals the intrinsic value which the paper has had during this period. Two crowns of the new standard contain 100-119 of the gold in a gold florin; and the paper is to be redeemed at the rate of two new crowns for one paper florin. Virtually, the gold coin is so adjusted as to become no greater in value than the paper has been during the last thirteen years, and the paper is thus to be redeemed, not at its face value in gold, but at its current price in gold. If there had ever been a promise to pay the paper in gold, or if gold had been the legal standard at the time when the paper became inconvertible, this process might be described as debasement of the coin. As matters stand, the gentler word adjustment perhaps fairly describes the situation.

At all events, we shall have in future a new and important international gold coin, which is expected to take its place in the money of civilized nations beside the sovereign, the mark, the franc, and the dollar. In round numbers, the Austrian crown is equal in intrinsic value to 10 pence, .85 mark, 1.05 francs, or 20 cents.

The crown is to be coined for the present only on public account, not on private account. Moreover, the paper remains in circulation and retains all its legal-tender qualities; and such silver florins of the old standard as are in circulation—not a few—remain in use, and retain their full legal-tender quality. Both the silver and the paper are to be withdrawn in the future. The silver florins are to be recoined into new silver crowns, and a good part of them will eventually be disposed of in that way. The state paper money is to be redeemed in gold and destroyed. Then the rest of the silver will be sold from time to time as bullion; and though it is promised that no sales will be made at once, the existence of this stock, similar to that which Germany still holds, must contribute to keep down the price of silver. The bank notes issued by the Bank of Austria-Hungary are to remain in use, but, of course, when the new measures have been fully carried out, they will be redeemable in gold.

Your Democratic state treasurer always needs watching. The retiring Illinois one is found to have been loaning the public funds to banks in violation of the pledge upon which he was elected.

The Murphy movement in New York should not be confounded with the Francis Murphy temperance work.

"THE BEAST IS DEAD."

Under the above caption, the Nashville, Tennessee, American speaks editorially of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. We had supposed that the venom, viciousness, and incendiary editorials on Butler's death would be confined to the still rebellious and Northern-hating press of New Orleans. But not so. While the New Orleans papers have not been mild in their obituary comment on Gen. Butler's demise, it has remained for the Nashville American, 400 miles nearer the Mason and Dixon line, to debase itself by insult to a dead man, and by dancing in glee over his corpse. The same spirit which made the Sioux brave tear out the warm heart of Gen. Custer, and devour it while it still smoked hot, animated the American in its brutal mutilation of the dead body of Gen. Butler.

The editorial in full is as follows. It is reprinted simply to show the hatred which still exists for the blue-coated veterans who cut the heart out of the Southern Confederacy when they marched into New Orleans under Farragut's guns, and caught secession by the throat in its still warm bed.

Old Ben Butler is dead! Early yesterday morning the angel of death acting under the devil's orders took him from earth and landed him in hell. In all this Southern country there are no tears, no sighs and no regrets. He lived only too long. We are glad he has at last been removed from earth and even pity the devil the possession he has secured.

When Grant died, it was with the respect and esteem of the Southern people. When Sheridan died, all the harm he did our cause during the bloody contest of more than a quarter of a century ago was forgotten and his seeming cruelty had grown to be held as love of country and his terrific assaults as great generalship. When old Tecumseh Sherman passed away, the people whom he devastated and robbed of property and precious lives were pleased to forget the bonfires he made of our cities, the path of death he cut to the sea, and they now hold him up as one who loved well his country and was great only to be true.

But with Ben Butler it is different. His stay in the South was a curse to our people and his dead body cannot shake the estimate formed of his character when he sat in New Orleans as a military satrap upon the lives and property of defenseless men and women.

We have no love for him, and praise of any kind, solely because he is at last dead, would be the veriest hypocrisy from Southern people.

There is nothing in his whole life to excite our admiration. When it is said that he was possessed of great intelligence and undaunted energy all that is to his credit has been said.

He was a truckling demagogue whose selfishness amounted to pollution; he was an assassin who used power to wreak personal revenge; he was mean, malignant, a hangman from prejudice, the insulter of women, a braggadocio, a trickster and a scoundrel whose heart was as black as the smoke from the coals that are now scorching his soul.

If there be a future of peace in store for Ben Butler after his entrance upon eternity then there is no heaven and the Bible is a lie. If hell be only as black as the good book describes it then there are not the degrees of punishment in which some Christians so firmly believe. He has gone from the sentence which has already been passed upon him there is no appeal. He is already so deep down in the pit of everlasting doom that he couldn't get the most powerful ear trumpet comfortable to scientists and hear the echoes of old Gabriel's trumpet. Ply a million kites and get a message to St. Peter who stands guard at heaven's gates.

In our statute books many holidays are decreed. We are serious even when we state that one on the occasion of the death of Ben Butler was not foreordained. It should be a day of merry-making. The "Beast" is dead. The tymbals should beat and the tin horn should get in its exultant work. Butler has gone where he can issue no more orders making the rape of Southern women a gala pastime. He has gone where there are no silver spoons to be stolen. He has gone where it is not in his power to order hanged Southern gentlemen for alleged treason against Butlerism.

Good-bye, Ben! You strutted through a few temporal triumphs; now rest if you can in the brimstone glare of hell-fire. You laughed twenty-five years ago, when you branded your offensive personality upon the memories of your superiors; now smile if you can when powerless and sunk so low as to be beyond the sympathy of even Christian men and women.

It is in such lines as these that the true spirit, kept hidden for the greater part, breaks out in all its venom. The American has brought on it the contempt of the press of the country, by its bloody-shirt waving in these piping times of peace and prosperity.

THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.

The agitation in favor of improved country roads is spreading. In the abstract, every one believes in the improvement; in the concrete, however, every one makes the proviso that he himself shall not be taxed to pay for the betterment of the highways. This feeling shows clearly where the crucial point of the campaign is to be found. It is the expense of building good roads.

President N. B. Coffman, of the First National bank, of Chehalis, Washington, recently sent out letters of inquiry to all property-owners in the county, and is receiving an unexpectedly large proportion of replies. Mr. Coffman has given the problem a good deal of attention, and his conclusions are that the plan of operation should be as follows:

First—The cost should be borne in proportion to the benefits.

Second—Construction should be from the towns out and without bonds.

Third—The roadbed should be of such a nature as to permit of heavy freighting and rapid travel the year round. It should have as direct a course as possible and avoid steep grades.

Fourth—Work should be done only by contract, excepting minor repairs.

Fifth—Primary supervision and construction should be with county officials.

We submit his conclusions for the consideration of The Blade's constituency. If they can devise anything better, we shall be very glad to publish a brief discussion thereof in these columns. In addition to the above five points, Mr. Coffman suggests that the roads to be built in each county shall constitute a system, and to that end a general plan shall be made at the beginning. All roads constructed will then lead somewhere, be continuous, and be constructed by the most available routes. He advises that a proper part of the work of construction and all of that of repairs shall be done by the people, but proposes that counties and townships also may issue bonds for road building up to a certain limit. This provides a way by which roads may be built now and paid for by those who come hereafter—those who will have most benefit from them, and more to pay for them with.

The Ohio Wool Growers' association can not be considered an ally of the Democratic party. It proposes to openly fight any candidate who does not openly favor protection to the wool growers' interests. In that statement there is no consolation for the prospective Democratic candidate.

There is no surprise that Indiana's Democratic legislature refuses to appropriate $50,000 for the entertainment of the G. A. R. encampment at Indianapolis next September. Indiana Democrats never did have a warm feeling for the veterans of the late war.

The Prince of Wales is to have a special invitation to visit the World's Fair. Why this favoritism? Is it a deep-laid scheme of Chicago to annul the opposition of the Anglomaniacs of New York city to the big exhibition?

Under the deep covering of snow, the young wheat and clover lie secure from frost and freeze. This old-fashioned winter means an abundant harvest.

Happy thought—why should not Tammany make Grover Cleveland a sachem as an evidence of good faith?

The day after the November election was cold, but the present cold snap discounts it.

"THE BEAST IS DEAD."

Under the above caption, the Nashville, Tennessee, American speaks editorially of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. We had supposed that the venom, viciousness, and incendiary editorials on Butler's death would be confined to the still rebellious and Northern-hating press of New Orleans. But not so. While the New Orleans papers have not been mild in their obituary comment on Gen. Butler's demise, it has remained for the Nashville American, 400 miles nearer the Mason and Dixon line, to debase itself by insult to a dead man, and by dancing in glee over his corpse. The same spirit which made the Sioux brave tear out the warm heart of Gen. Custer, and devour it while it still smoked hot, animated the American in its brutal mutilation of the dead body of Gen. Butler.

The editorial in full is as follows. It is reprinted simply to show the hatred which still exists for the blue-coated veterans who cut the heart out of the Southern Confederacy when they marched into New Orleans under Farragut's guns, and caught secession by the throat in its still warm bed.

Old Ben Butler is dead! Early yesterday morning the angel of death acting under the devil's orders took him from earth and landed him in hell. In all this Southern country there are no tears, no sighs and no regrets. He lived only too long. We are glad he has at last been removed from earth and even pity the devil the possession he has secured.

When Grant died, it was with the respect and esteem of the Southern people. When Sheridan died, all the harm he did our cause during the bloody contest of more than a quarter of a century ago was forgotten and his seeming cruelty had grown to be held as love of country and his terrific assaults as great generalship. When old Tecumseh Sherman passed away, the people whom he devastated and robbed of property and precious lives were pleased to forget the bonfires he made of our cities, the path of death he cut to the sea, and they now hold him up as one who loved well his country and was great only to be true.

But with Ben Butler it is different. His stay in the South was a curse to our people and his dead body cannot shake the estimate formed of his character when he sat in New Orleans as a military satrap upon the lives and property of defenseless men and women.

We have no love for him, and praise of any kind, solely because he is at last dead, would be the veriest hypocrisy from Southern people.

There is nothing in his whole life to excite our admiration. When it is said that he was possessed of great intelligence and undaunted energy all that is to his credit has been said.

He was a truckling demagogue whose selfishness amounted to pollution; he was an assassin who used power to wreak personal revenge; he was mean, malignant, a hangman from prejudice, the insulter of women, a braggadocio, a trickster and a scoundrel whose heart was as black as the smoke from the coals that are now scorching his soul.

If there be a future of peace in store for Ben Butler after his entrance upon eternity then there is no heaven and the Bible is a lie. If hell be only as black as the good book describes it then there are not the degrees of punishment in which some Christians so firmly believe. He has gone from the sentence which has already been passed upon him there is no appeal. He is already so deep down in the pit of everlasting doom that he couldn't get the most powerful ear trumpet comfortable to scientists and hear the echoes of old Gabriel's trumpet. Ply a million kites and get a message to St. Peter who stands guard at heaven's gates.

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THE FRENCH CRISIS.

The recent downfall of the French ministry arose solely from a conviction in the minds of the French people that it was insincere in its investigation of the Panama canal scandals. It is discreditable in the last degree that the government attempted to shield at least a part of the persons implicated in this enormous job. It is hardly an excuse that the ministry feared that, were the whole truth to become known, the Republic might fall in ruin before the wrath of the outraged people. Mercurial as are the French, they will hardly go to the length of destroying the constitutional form of government because of the unworthiness of men high in place under it, unless as the last resort to compel the punishment of the offenders.

The overthrow of the Ribot ministry shows that the matter has gone too far to stop short of the whole truth. Nothing can now stop the investigation, no matter how disastrous it may be to high officials; and it will result in a cleansing of public offices, and in a higher standard of official morality. Although the directors of the Panama company are the ostensible objects of attack, it is really the boodlers who are intrenched in public office who will have to bear the brunt of the onslaughts that will be made as soon as the private phases of the scandal have been disposed of or made clear. The three counts against the directors amount practically to a formal charge of procuring money under false pretenses, of a breach of trust or contract, and of the fraudulent diversion of the funds, acts over which the chamber of Deputies would have had no jurisdiction had it not been for the fact that the venture was under government patronage. To all appearances the case is now complete, the revelations of the younger De Lesseps, and his turning over of his cipher memoranda and the key thereto—which memoranda must include the names and facts concerning every boodling transaction that has taken place.

The exposure will be complete; there is now no doubt of that. But adequate punishment will not be meted out if influences in high places can keep it down. The mutilation of the company's check books, the mysterious disappearance of several important principals or witnesses, M. Carnot's efforts to save himself and the combined influence of a clique more powerful than any which has recently come up in that country will all be made to balk conviction, if it should be possible. This renders the task of M. Ribot, the new Premeir, a most difficult one. There is only one plain path to peace and quiet, and that is by convincing the French people that the prosecution of those connected with the Panama steal is sincere and earnest. Nothing else will satisfy them, and they will have justice meted out, even if they are compelled to resort to revolution to accomplish it.

CANADIAN ANNEXATION.

The sentiment of annexation is growing among the Canadian people, and it will increase to such an extent within a few years that Canada will be asking admission to the Union, unless the Democratic party shall make annexation unprofitable by adopting free trade. If protection is retained, Canada will ask to join us. Her people can not thrive without access to the great American markets. The McKinley law has deprived them of 65,000,000 profitable customers. The effect of its enforcement upon the trade and industries of Canada has been far reaching. Heavy as the loss to our northern neighbors has been through the determination of the Republican party to legislate for the benefit of the people of the United States, the losses which the Canadians must incur in the future will be incomparably greater, unless they enter the Union, or American protection is overthrown. The remedy for existing hardships is in the hands of Canada. She only has to knock at our door to be admitted. Once admitted, her interests are our interests, her people are our people, and her right to free trade with every American state will be unquestioned.

The rapid growth of the annexation sentiment in Canada can be checked only in one way. If the Democratic party carries out the principles of the Chicago platform, its action will postpone annexation many years. The free trade policy would admit Canadian products into the American market without restriction. The gain to Canada would be immense. We should give a market of 65,000,000 liberal consumers for a market of 5,000,000 consumers, whose living expenses are only a fraction of the ordinary expenditures of 5,000,000 Americans. Canada will get everything she wants under this arrangement. The United States will get nothing. Every consideration of patriotism and sound policy demands that free trade shall be granted to the Canadians only when they consent to assume the responsibilities of American citizenship. To give Canada leave to enrich herself at our expense without contributing anything in return, would be an act of monumental folly and of deliberate treachery to the United States. What are we to expect, however, at the hands of the Democratic party?

The formal acquittal of Dr. Briggs of the charge of heresy ends the whole matter unless his enemies take an appeal to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. This will probably be done, Col. McCook having served notice of such intent. In making their report on the case the special committee which had it in hand is at some pains to acquit him fully without approving his doctrines, thus keeping their own skirts clear. It should be noted, however, that the influence of the independent movement is actively at work again, the Rev. Dr. Edward L. Clark, of the New York Church of the Puritans, having just tendered his resignation as a member of the presbytery, because he can not endorse the orthodox faith. Possibly it is still more significant that Dr. Clark's congregation is in perfect harmony with him, and will support him in his changed course.

The Populists in Kansas are trying to overcome an honestly elected Republican majority in the House by a minority. They should not succeed. Kansas has too much to blush for in the past two or three years, without having the overthrow of the will of the people marked up against her.

The epidemic of typhus fever in New York city is more severe than is generally supposed. Since December 1, there have been 121 known deaths from the disease, and it is by no means yet under control.

The Chicago Mail peers through a crack in the veil of futurity, and tells what it sees, thus: "We shall hear of Adlai three times more—inauguration day in March, the opening of Congress, and when he fails of renomination."

This is good weather to practice charity rather than preach it.

THE KANSAS SITUATION.

The situation in the Kansas legislature is this: The Senate has a Populist majority. The governor was elected as a fusionist by Populists and Democrats. The House was organized by the Republicans, who elected Douglass Speaker, he receiving 67 votes. A majority of the House is 63 votes. The Populists refused to allow the majority to rule; they went through the motions of electing one Dunsmore Speaker, with 58 votes—less than a majority of the Huose and nine votes less than the total Republican vote. These two organizations—the legal one and the pretended Populist one—have been occupying the Representative chamber jointly. Governor Lewelling has recognized the minority Populist organization, and so has the Populist Senate. When the action of this latter body was reported to the House, the Populists cheered wildly. The rightfully-elected Speaker, Douglass, thereupon made a brief speech that compels the admiration of every one for its directness and force, not to speak of its being founded upon the rock of eternal truth:

Gentlemen of the House—Allow yourselves no uneasiness. The Almighty has wisely reserved the power of creation to Himself alone. All the powers on earth, senators and governors included, cannot make 63 men out of 58 men, and in every free representative body in the world the majority governs. The principle of self-government is on trial in Kansas to-day as it was 1,700 years ago. But it will triumphed then, and it will triumph now. The friends of the constitution and the laws will soon stand as one man in Kansas, regardless of party. The constitutional House of Representatives, with 67 lawful members, is here and ready for business, and here it will remain unterrified and unawed. What is the further pleasure of the House?

The facts of the case could not be better stated. The Republicans have an honest, legal, and legally elected majority in the House. The Populist minority make no pretense that there is any defect or flaw in the title of any one of the 67 members who voted for Douglass as Speaker. The recognition of a minority as the legal House, by the governor and the Senate, does not give that minority any shadow of right in its claim. Even Dunsmore, the frand Speaker of the Populists, in the reply he felt constrained to make to Douglass, did not dare claim any shadow of authority for the usurpation. He simply said: "We have been recognized as the legally organized House, and no power on earth save the sword can dissolve us."

As this is written, on Tuesday morning, there is no change in the situation. The Republicans of the House, firm in the knowledge of the right and impregnable legality of their action, stand firm, while the Populist revolutionists rage and chafe that they are not allowed to override the law and the constitution, and make a minority govern a majority.

Their position is revolutionary. It is a blow at the fundamental tenet of our form of government—that a majority shall rule. The election of the Representatives was in accordance with law, and there is no shadow of an excuse for this bold attempt at despotic tyranny.

We hope to see the same loyalty to right and justice, which made Kansas the banner state for freedom when the issue was, "shall slavery be extended into the territories?" away back in the '50's, again blaze forth among her people directed against this usurpation of power by the Populists. Let Kansas freemen arise in their might, and compel these revolutionists to obey the law and the constitution.

"ED." MURPHY.

The Democrats in the New York Assembly, at its Senatorial caucus, named Ed. Murphy, a brewer and politician of Troy, for the United States Senate to succeed the Hon. Frank Hiscock.

No man has ever been sent to the United States Senate, for Mr. Murphy will go there, who has belonged to that class known as "ward politicians." He, like Brice, belongs to a class whose honors come from things outside the pale of statesmanship. Brice's money bought him a toga, Murphy's domination of a gang, his bossism in party politics and dictation of petty appointments, his low associates, his saloon and brewery acquaintance; these have been the moving forces which have sent Mr. Murphy up to the high place which he has all but attained.

In the history of the degeneration of politics, the beginning of rottenness may be dated from the rise of Tammany in New York. The example it has set has been always evil. It organization is fascinating to the naturally vicious politician, for it puts power and place ahead of every tenet of faith or principle. Mr. Murphy is the outgrowth of the same element that made a Tweed, a Sweeney, and piled corruption above the city hall in New York. Mr. Cleveland will have an implacable enemy in Mr. Murphy and Senator David B. Hill a devoted friend in his colleague-elect.

The national quarantine bill which has passed the United States Senate is sweeping in its provisions. It places in the hands of the national authorities full power upon the coast and other frontiers of the country to enforce an effective quarantine against persons and goods. It virtually involves the power to suspend immigration, as well as travel from infected points, for such time as they seem needed. The bill was drawn with great care to afford the fullest protection which the most rigid quarantine can give against the invasion of infectious diseases. The bill passed without a division, and it is to be hoped the House will act upon it as promptly.

While the Republican legislature of Michigan is preparing to repeal the Miner law, the Minnesota legislature has a bill before it for the selection of Presidential electors in accordance with the plan now in vogue in Michigan, whereby each Congressional district elects one, and two are chosen at large. The only way to have honesty and fair dealing is to have the method the same in all the states.

The Indianapolis Sentinel, whose Democracy is unquestioned, says that in selecting Mr. Murphy for Senator New York makes an open confession that it is utterly unfit for leadership. But what are the Sentinel and Grover Cleveland going to do about it?

There are many old-timers who pretend to like this "old-fashioned winter weather," but their pertinacity in hugging the warmest side of the stove shows that they are simply humbugs.

The Southern press has hauled out the bloody shirt and is having high sport shaking it in the breeze, since Gen. Butler's death.

Some of De Lesseps's friends lay the blame all to his wife. What would we do on this earth if it wasn't for the women?

No doubt Cleveland wishes fervently he possessed a veto power on the act of the New York legislature in electing Murphy Senator.

WILL BEGIN FEBRUARY 4

MR. LOCKE'S JAPANESE LETTERS

They Are In a Forward State of Preparation—Something About the Illustrations, Engraved by a Native Japanese Artist.

We are glad to be able to announce with certainty that we can begin to publish Mr. Robinson Locke's series of letters from Japan in the issue of The Weekly Blade for February 4; and of course the series will appear regularly every week thereafter. Mr. Locke and his party sailed for Japan last October, and he has been diligently accumulating material for this series of letters, which will be called

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN,"

and each one will be lavishly illustrated with engravings made from photographs taken on the spot. Mr. Locke will bring with him seventeen wood cuts, illustrative of Japanese life, which were engraved expressly for The Blade, under his personal order, by Tokutaro Kimura, of Tokio, who is Japan's most famous wood engraver. Next week we shall print one of these, to give The Blade's readers a sample of what Kimura has done.

In addition to these, the best artist in Yokohama is now finishing a large number of drawings, made expressly for The Blade. The illustrations to this series will be better, and will give our readers a more comprehensive idea of the manners, customs, temples, gods, homes, farms, cities, people, and curious things of Japan, than anything ever before published.

Mr. Locke is an excellent descriptive writer, and his letters will be eminently readable. His style is clear and vivid, and his work reminds one of that of Bayard Taylor. He is especially happy in noting those points which are strange or novel in the life or customs of people. It may interest those who have read "Nasby in Exile" to quote the closing paragraph from the preface to the original edition of that book:

It is only justice to say that much of the descriptive matter is the work of Mr. Robinson Locke, who was with me every minute of the time, and the intelligent reader will be perfectly safe in ascribing the best of its pages to his pen.

June 1, 1865. D. R. LOCKE.

This series of letters will not only describe Japan, its people, etc., but will give special attention to many points ordinarily neglected in books of travels, yet exactly those things which people who have never visited that country would find most interesting. These letters will be a striking feature of The Blade's pages for the next few months, and will of themselves alone be worth more than the small cost of a year's subscription. Don't fail to renew promptly, so as to obtain the whole complete.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

General Benjamin Franklin Butler was probably, thirty years ago, the most hated man, by nearly one-half the people, in this country, and the one most applauded by the remainder. He was not great as a military leader, but possessed great executive ability and iron will—two things which were exercised to the fullest extent while he was in command of New Orleans. He held the turbulent rebel populace down with an iron hand, maintained rigid military rule, kept the city clean, and altogether did wisely and well for its people, though they hated him as they never hated any one else. Of course, the opposite feeling prevailed in the North; and had Gen. Butler possessed the elements necessary to a great military leader, he might have reached almost any eminence—even the highest; for "Ben Butler" was a household word before the names of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan had become widely known.

Butler was as unsuccessful as a politician as he had been as a military man. His defeats outnumbered his successes. He was in Congress as a Republican for several years after the war, and one of the managers of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Next he was, as a Democrat, elected governor of Massachusetts, and next the candidate of the Labor party for President in 1884. He was a lawyer and also a manufacturer. In the latter occupation he was especially fortunate in amassing wealth. He was a little over 74 years of age at the time of his death. It was probably his legal training which suggested the happy thought of classing negroes as "contraband of war," whence came the term "contrabands," which was in common use to designate refugee negroes throughout the war.

The United States is bound by tradition quite as much as are some of the effete monarchies of the Old World. For instance, the messengers from the electoral colleges. A century ago, when the constitution was adopted,

PRESIDENTIAL FIGURES.

Why We Have Not Yet Gotten Them Complete.

Our friends who are awaiting the award of our Presidential premiums can not be any more anxious for it to take place than are we. There have been a number of tables of the total vote published, but unfortunately no two of them agree. The method of obtaining the figures varies. Of course, the vote is not the same for all the electors, on any ticket, in any state. We know of one Democratic paper which made its table by taking the vote for the Democratic elector who had the highest number, and the vote for the elector who stood lowest on the other tickets.

Again, we note that some tables are made up by taking the vote for whatever elector is named first on each ticket. Others seem to be made by taking the average vote of all the electors on each ticket. We do not think that these methods are any of them correct, and we shall not use them. As our readers will see, by a bit of telegraphic news in the "News of the Week" in this paper, under the Washington head, the official vote for Presidential electors is not yet all received by the President of the Senate. These lists, as fast as received, are certified to by the Secretary of State, and published. We consider these the official figures. But these certificates of the vote cast for the Presidential electors merely give the vote for each candidate for elector on every ticket.

We shall, in making up our table, take the vote for that elector who has the HIGHEST number of votes, on the Republican, Democratic, People's Party, Prohibitionist, and Socialist tickets. The sum of these we shall consider as the total popular vote, and we shall make our awards according to the figures so obtained. And as soon as we get the figures yet unreported, we shall be glad to make the awards, and get them off our hands.

Publishers' Desk.

GOOD WATCHES.

It is the constant aim of The Blade to serve its subscribers at all times in such a manner that each may be benefited many times the cost of his subscription. In fact, we believe that very many thousands of The Blade's subscribers are far richer to-day by reason of being subscribers to it, at all times on other articles of utility at less than value, and we are constantly reaching out for something new, carefully avoiding trashy and useless articles. We have been importuned by our subscribers to supply GOOD watches. After careful consideration, we have made large purchases, for cash, at such low prices that we are able to offer our subscribers the best make of American movements, in the finest gold, goldfilled, or silver cases, at much less than the regular prices.

No one but subscribers can take advantage of these extraordinary offers. By this arrangement you are enabled to purchase a watch on such terms as would be given a general thousand persons should put their money together and buy watches at the very lowest jobbers' prices, saving the profits between the manufacturers and themselves, and getting the benefits of all possible discounts by reason of the magnitude of the purchase. Every subscriber needing a watch should embrace this opportunity; and every person in such need, and not a subscriber, should put himself in a position to secure this great advantage by subscribing for the Weekly Blade at once.

We give three days' trial free. When a purchaser receives a watch, he should submit it to any expert he may select, and if at the end of three days he is not satisfied that the watch is up to the guarantee, he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches will be sent C. O. D., and no samples will be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly. Every person receiving a sample copy of this paper should subscribe at once, so as to be able to purchase these goods to such advantage. Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches, from the many styles made of these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money. No Swiss or other cheap watches are in our lists. Do not try to order anything through the Weekly Blade except the celebrated Waltham and Elgin watches—the best ever made.

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch company has produced the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch. We mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great item for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and stem-setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 7—Lady's Size.

SOLID SILVER WATCH—$9.50.

No. 7 is a lady's size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, stem wind and set, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50.

Offer No. 8.—Blade Special.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin works. Be sure to name your choice when you order. A $200 solid gold watch cannot be bought for $22, but the Weekly Blade offers a watch under the above number that has all the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. You have probably never seen a watch like this, and must therefore depend upon us for the description of the finest, handsomest and best watch made by the great American Waltham and Elgin national factories. Time and money have been expended in bringing this particular watch to perfection. The movement or works contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, Breguet hair spring, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. A written guarantee accompanies each watch. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish a really first-class article. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and it is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equalled by no watch made especially for ladies.

After February 1 we are unable to say what the price will be, and we reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time. We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

All men's size watches are equally suitable for boys' wear, and all lady's size watches for girls' wear. The great Waltham and Elgin watch companies make nothing but watches of high grade and full size.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium.
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

NAMING THE BABY.

We searched the list from first to last
To find a name appropriate;
To crown our early-headed boy,
We wanted something strong and great.
First Leonard struck us Honlike—
A goodly name—alas! and when
The world reaches man's estate,
He'll thunder down old time as Len.

Philander troubled us awhile—
For man should love his fellow-man—
But 'tis so easy to behead
To common Phil, we never can.
Now Roderic is rich in fame.
We will, we won't. 'Twill never do
To place our boy beneath the ban
Of common Rod his life all through.

A charming name was Lancelot,
Or Valentine, Augustus, all—
But Lance and Val and Gus were not
The names we wanted folks to bawl.
Then Constantine and Bertram shone—
But Con and Bert we do not like,
And Sol is easy cut from Saul;
It seemed a name we'd never strike.

My wife perused the novels strong,
While aunts and cousins entered in
The list with names that should belong—
Of course each claim could never win.
The baby grew and found his tongue,
And yet our fancies to his will,
And yelled one night with boyish din,
"Come off the roof and call me Bill!"
—Harper's Bazar.

Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics," *actually* writes as follows: "From the careful analyses of Prof. ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly "Pure" and highly digestible.—The quotations in certain advertisements (from Trade rivals) from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading, and cannot possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA *is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, is thereby prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.*

THE "HILL OF THE SNOWS."

A Christmas Outing in Montreal.

BY WM. H. MAHER.

We had—often said that we would like to see a Canadian winter. It was pleasant to think about and to discuss when the thermometer was playing hide and seek among the nineties, and at last the Fates favored us so that we were able to see our way clear to the promised outing.

What destination should we choose? The choice lay between Montreal and Quebec, and while there were good reasons for going to both places the decision was finally made in favor of Montreal.

Where should we go? It seemed as if there could be but one answer to that question; during the Christmas holidays, the days of ice and snow, of cold weather, genuine cold weather; but above all the time of the year when the churches—the Catholic churches—would put on their gayest colors and adornments in honor of the child who was born in the manger. Yes we must go during the Christmas season.

Aside from the reasons given there was the additional inducement that this was the season of excursion rates and being thrifty people this was of importance to us. We heard of a special excursion over the Ann Arbor road and the Grand Trunk leaving Toledo Dec. 22d, price for the round trip $19.55, and we packed our little trunk with the Dominion duties in our mind, bought our tickets of Bro. Gates and started on our way rejoicing. At Ann Arbor the students going home for the holidays poured in on us and took possession of the train; and they got no more enjoyment out of their quips than we did. When the brakeman called out "Howell" they howled male and female, and if we didn't join in it was because we were packed so tight in the seat we just couldn't.

At Durand we met the Grand Trunk train going East by way of Port Huron, and had our first ride in the tunnel under the St. Clair river. When one realizes the powerful river flowing over him and the long time he is in that tunnel he breathes a sigh of gladness at finding himself safe out.

Our valises and baskets were left in the aisle of the sleeping car so that the Canadian customs officers might examine them, and people with trunks were expected to go into the baggage car and unlock them that they might be searched. The only duty charged, that we heard about, was upon some souvenir spoons a lady had, and for which she had to pay the queen's officer $1.60. The sleeping car conductor told me my trunk would go forward without being opened and could be examined in Montreal, so I kept in my warm berth while all this searching was going on.

We had breakfast in Toronto, and the ride during the day was along the edge of Lake Ontario. We ought to have reached our journey's end at 8 o'clock in the evening, but instead of this it was after midnight when we grasped our valises and started out.

You have had experience of sleeping cars at this season. You know that they are usually kept at about 80 degrees. Ours was one of that same kind, and when we stepped out of the hot car into Montreal's frigid temperature, the Young Person expressed the feelings of the family when she said, "Oh, it's horrid cold!" It was.

We ran through the depot, wondering how far it was to our hotel, and whereabouts the 'bus was that we were told would be there for us. It was not in sight. A policeman who seemed to be guide, philosopher and friend to everybody told us the 'buses had gone home, because the train was so late, but that we ought to take a sleigh; so into a sleigh we bundled, in our rather light clothes, and the thermometer at the station marking just 12 below zero.

Did we growl? No; this cold was just what we were seeking, and a warm room and bed lay at the other end of the sleigh ride. We had no interest in any sights that lay along our route. The Young Person crawled under the ample buffalo robe, and the rest of us wished we could go there too.

At the hotel we found our rooms too hot, but, oh! they felt pleasant after our midnight ride, and it was not long until we were snugly all tucked away in our beds and fast asleep. We had been 33 hours on the way when we ought to have made the trip in 26 hours, but once one is at the end of the ride he forgets the delays.

The first thing that we noticed in the morning was that our windows had double sashes. The walls of the house were easily eighteen inches thick; a solid sash was fastened to the outside of this, in which was a trap for ventilation about two by eight inches, which could be opended or closed as one saw fit. To the inside of the wide frame were attached two sash doors that could be opened or closed, and when closed gave double protection against the outside cold.

Montreal is, first and foremost, a French city. This was one reason why we visited it, and to have the full benefit of this we chose a French hotel. The hotel had also another charm—it was cheaper than the Windsor, and some others. I want to be honest with you, gentle reader, as you may see.

When we went into the dining-room we found the bill of fare written both in French and English, the waiters were neat and intelligent looking girls, able to talk both languages. Our bit of broiled haddock may have been ordered in French, but I ate mine in English, and it was good. The all pervading aroma of the house was that of onions, and onions were on the bill in one form or another three times a day. In the morning beefsteak and onions seemed to be the most popular dish; at noon onions boiled and fried appeared to be in demand, and at night beefsteak and onions once more bobbed up serenely, and I wish to add my opinion to the general verdict—they were good.

Gentle reader, did you ever flatter yourself that you were a French scholar? I am sure you must have done so to a greater or less extent. It was nice to write in various autograph albums: "Votre ami," and "Bonjours Votre Ami," and several other phrases that you found in the back of the dictionary, till you began to really believe that you were quite well up in French. But if you ever had a Frenchman look you in the eye and begin to bombard you with what you supposed was conversation, you suddenly and painfully discovered that he had a wonderfully foreign and indistinct way of pronouncing his words, and you would give a dollar to know what he was saying. Oh, yes, you would; I know it.

This was the way I felt when I asked a gentleman a innocent question, and which he, as I supposed, politely answered that question. I was afraid to say "Oui" when he stopped to rest for fear that wasn't the place for it, so I waved him a good-bye in American, and made up my mind to be more cautious thereafter.

In the hotel office everbody talked French and English as was needed, but all talk among the servants and proprietors was in French. When I saw the clerk strike a bell and call "garcon," I trembled, for fear I had done something unlawful, but he was only calling "boy."

After breakfast I had an errand to the station to see about my trunk. It had to be examined by the customs inspector, and I wondered what that was to be. I have heard of people helping the process by slipping a bill into the hand of the man, but I had nothing in my trunk that I was afraid of, and I did not propose to waste any bills.

The trunk was in the baggage room with a tag on it, showing it was not inspected at Sarnia, and I could not open it, for I had left my key at home! I wouldn't blame any inspector for thinking this was a cooked-up story, but when I told it, and said I would get some keys from a trunk store and open it, the inspector looked me in the face and asked: "Is there anything in the trunk but wearing apparel?" I looked him in the eye and said, "Not a thing." "All right," said he, "I'll take your word for it," and tore off the tag. The trunk was passed.

Coming home I determined to have the trunk examined in Montreal by a U. S. officer and not be bothered with opening it at Port Huron. We had bought some trinkets, and I had them on top of the tray, in plain sight. The officer was a Vermonter; a pleasant, sociable man, and very accommodating. I unstrapped and opened my trunk; lifted up the tray that he might get at the clothes underneath, but he gave one glance, said, "All right; I see you have nothing but wearing apparel," and the work was done. This was all our experience with the customs officers both going and coming, and I'm sure you'll say it was a pleasant one.

We had gone amply provided for severe cold weather, but all the extra heavy clothes were in the trunk. Having opened this, put on arctics, leggings, mufflers, shawls and other extra clothes we then started out to get a glimpse of Montreal. I want it distinctly understood however, that none of these extra clothes came to me, except that I had put on my very heaviest underclothing. At no time did I wear rubbers or arctics, and at no time did my feet suffer from severe cold. My neck was cold and I kept up the collar of my coat, as I do in Toledo in winter, but beyond that I did nothing more against the weather, even when 20 degrees below zero, and I got along comfortably.

Our hotel was near the city hall, at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent streets. Notre Dame is one of the oldest and most important streets in the city. We were almost within stone's throw of the St. Lawrence river, which was covered with ice 14 inches thick. We were a few blocks from the post office and the principal banks, and in many respects were right in the heart of the city.

Shall I bore you if I give you a few dry statistics of Montreal? If so, please skip this, but I do not believe many of us are so well posted as we ought to be about this metropolis of Eastern Canada.

Montreal is a city of 211,302 inhabitants, of which 120,000 are native French Canadians. Of the remainder, Irish and English predominate, and the Irish outnumber the English. In a religious way there are 155,511 Catholics, 53,863 Protestants, 677 Jews. The city was founded in 1642, and its history is bound up in the history of Canada. My first real, positive desire to see Montreal and Quebec was born in me twenty-five years ago when reading Francis Parkman's histories, and from that day to this I have longed to see the scenes of such great sacrifices and adventures.

Montreal touches the history of the continent in almost every event. Our brave Montgomery invested and captured it in the Revolution. Here, on the St. Lawrence, the second steamboat on this continent appeared in 1809. Here is said to be the fourth largest bank in the world—the Bank of Montreal, established in 1817 with a capital of $350,000, now having a capital and surplus of $18,000,000; its net earnings in 1891 being $1,325,877.

She is a city of push and energy; of large undertakings, and of broad views. Her exports in 1891 were $39,000,000; her imports $44,000,000. She has 56 wholesale dry goods houses, large and small, and 500 other wholesale houses, 347 factories and mills employing 5,414 hands; 36 foundries, employing 5,028 hands; 725 sea going vessels touched her port last year.

She is pre-eminently a city of churches. Mere numbers express nothing. Many of her cathedrals are magnificent structures outside and in, as I shall describe hereafter. There are 25 Catholic churches; 33 chapels; 58 Protestant churches; 29 chapels and four Jewish synagogues. There are 23 convents and monasteries, four Catholic and seven Protestant hospitals.

Over the St. Lawrence here is the longest tubular bridge in the world, 9,184 feet long. Those of us with white in our hair remember the opening of this bridge, in 1860, by the Prince of Wales. It has 23 spans of 242 feet each, and one longer span 60 feet above the river. Robert Stevenson, the great engineer, designed it.

I will bore you no more with these statistics, but will take you into some of the edifices and shops and convents with us, and you will receive the courtesy due an honored guest. But at the threshold of our visit we should enter the great cathedral of Notre Dame. Let us go there to see the grandest service of the church in all the year—the midnight mass at Christmas Eve.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HER NEIGHBOR'S DINNER PARTY.

A Toledo Woman Relates a True Story of Borrowing.

Every one remembers the old story of the woman who sent her child to a neighbor's to borrow an egg to make a cake, and then, after the egg was loaned, borrowed all the other ingredients, and finally asked the same neighbor to bake the cake in her oven. The only right reserved was the privilege of eating the loaf.

Every one remembers reading it, but it is likely attributed its extravagance to a newspaper fabricator. A few unfortunates who enjoy an intimate acquaintance with borrowers know that the story contains every element of probability.

A Toledo woman has recently discovered a counterpart. She is a young bride who had just moved into the suburb.

"She lives in the cottage adjoining my house," the lady related. "She came over early in the morning and told me she was to have a dinner party that night for twelve. One of her guests was coming over to help her bake and do the scrubbing. She borrowed a few of my cook books and went home. Later in the day she returned and told how the guest to be, had done the scrubbing and how the baking was progressing. All she needed was a flour sieve, which she had neglected to purchase, being a novice in the art of housekeeping. This I readily loaned to her.

"In an hour she came over again and apologized for troubling me so much, but would I give her a pitcher of milk? I gave it to her.

"Just before my own tea was ready, she returned once more to ask the loan of a table cloth. One of my best damasks was sacrificed for the dinner party.

"By this time I was interested to know what she would desire next. My curiosity was soon gratified. She evinced a little uneasiness when she asked for my china plates. I could see her arranging the table through my window. There were not enough cups and saucers in her cupboard evidently to go around. I loaned her enough of mine to supply the deficiency. Then came the meat platter, and I began to survey my own table anxiously to see if I had forgotten to retain all the necessary dishes.

"My neighbor's tea party interested me. I actually grew feverish for its success. Something must have gone wrong with the cooking, for the young bride's dinner was served at 11 o'clock in the evening.

"Early the next morning the guest who had done the scrubbing and assisted with the baking the previous day appeared with a shawl over her head, and hurried in the back door of the cottage. She was washing the dishes soon. In the afternoon my table cloth was returned by the same guest who had taken it home to wash and iron.

The Pitiful Drudges.

It would be unfortunate if we were all drones and it is foolish for any man to speak of labor in general as inimical to society. But I speak of that labor which is really drudgery, which is unfair to a man's intellectual nature. Hans Sachs was a shoe-maker, but it is no less true that incessant hammering of sole leather also hammers the cobbler's just development away. One extreme is as bad as the other. The drudge whose life is drained away in the inexorable toil of a mine or a factory is as bad an object as the prodigal, whom wealth softens into imbecility.—George William Curtis.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is superior to all other preparations claiming to be blood-purifiers. First of all, because the principal ingredient used in it is the extract of genuine Honduras sarsaparilla root, the variety richest in medicinal properties. Also, because the yellow dock, being raised expressly for the Company, is always fresh and of the very best kind. With equal discrimination and care, each of the other ingredients are selected and compounded. It is

Cures Catarrh

THE Superior Medicine

because it is always the same in appearance, flavor, and effect, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed. It is, therefore, the most economical blood-purifier in existence. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. AYER'S Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality.

Cures SCROFULA

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

EX-GOVERNOR FRANCIS,

Of Missouri, Who May Be Named for Secretary of the Interior.

Ex-Governor David R. Francis is perhaps the one person most prominently urged by the Southwest for a position in the Cabinet of President-elect Grover Cleveland. The office which his friends desire him to occupy is that of the secretary of the Interior. Governor Francis is one of the youngest men in public life; he is not yet forty years old, and has had a short but remarkable career.

Nine years ago he was president of the St. Louis Board of Trade, and in this capacity showed such wonderful executive ability that his friends urged

DAVID R. FRANCIS.

him to go into politics and become a candidate for mayor of St. Louis. He was opposed by the machine politicians, but succeeded in capturing the nomination, and was elected by a large majority. He served in that office for four years and was then nominated for governor to succeed Morehouse.

During his term of office he inaugurated many reforms, and brought the industrial and commercial interests of Missouri to the attention of Eastern capitalists. It was due to his work that large sums of Eastern money were safely invested in the development of the great resources of that much maligned state. Governor Francis is also the head of a prominent grain firm in Missouri.

ALLEGED HUMOR.

Little Boy—"What's the difference between high church and low church?" Little Girl—"Why, don't you know? One says 'Aw-men' and the other says 'Amen.'"—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—"What is the principal part of a knife? For instance, why does your father carry a knife in his pocket?" Young Hopeful—"Please, sir, because of the corkscrew."—Spasvogel.

Hope of Promotion—Her Father—"Is there any hope of promotion in your business or increase in your salary?" Suitor—"Is there? My position is next to the Jewess in the establishment."—Tit-Bits.

Elsie—"You are a flatterer, doctor." Dr. Cheatum—"Why, Elsie, it is quite impossible to flatter you. If I were to say that you were like an angel I should not be flattering you, but the—angels!"—Boston Budget.

She—"Indeed, Mr. Maulstick, yours were the only pictures I looked at in the exhibition." Maulstick—"Ah, you flatter ——." She—"No; the others, you know, were so surrounded by the crowd."—Brooklyn Life.

Little Boy—"How soon are you and Sis goin' to be married?" Accepted Suitor—"She has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements." Little Boy—"She doesn't. I know, 'cause all her engagements have been short ones." —Good News.

Knowles—"For what peculiar reasons are some divorces granted! An actor has been granted one because his wife caused her clock to strike." Bowles—"That's a trivial reason, I must say." Knowles—"Well, not exactly so. You see, the clock struck his head."—The Jewelers' Circular.

First Party—"You say you have met me before, and I have an impression that I have met you before. Can you tell me when that was?" Second Party—"I can, sir; it was at the same time that I met you." First Party (reflecting)—"Yes, yes, it must have been; but what a remarkable coincidence."—Boston Transcript.

Just Missed It—Miss Fitz—"And so you were in the Crimean war, Major! Were you with the Light Brigade in their heroic charge?" Major Ananias Bluff—"I—ch—came very near being in that historic charge, Miss Fitz. Never was so disappointed in my life. They would take but six hundred, and I—ch—was No. 601."—Puck.

A CHILD'S NERVE.

She Did Not Falter on the Brink of the Grave.

"I had an experience at Sedalia the other day that gives me a cold chill whenever I think of it," said a gentleman to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "My wife and 5-year-old daughter accompanied me on my last trip. We spent Sunday at Sedalia and during the afternoon drove out to the cemetery. One of the first things to attract our attention after entering the cemetery was an open grave, dug for a child. We walked up to it and stood for some moments looking at it. The memories it evoked were painful indeed and my wife broke down and cried bitterly. Little May took me by the hand and led me out of ear-shot of her mother, then she said, while her chin quivered and her eyes filled with tears: 'Papa, why don't you put me in, cover me up and take mamma home?' I was astonished. I bent down to kiss her and she whispered: 'Tell mamma goodby for me; I can't do it.' The child actually thought that we had come to the cemetery to bury her and that she was standing beside her open grave. It was the most magnificent exhibition of nerve I ever witnessed."

HER SATIN SHOE.

Her satin shoe, so soft and bright,
Tied with a knot of ribbon blue,
Is like a bird in rhythmic flight—
Her satin shoe.

She waltzes as the fairies do,
Led by Titania, through the light
Of moonbeams and silvery dew.

She's danced into my heart to-night—
I'm quite undone. Ah, if she knew
Would she discard in ellin spite
Her satin shoe?
—William H. Hayne in Harper's Bazar.

Maule's Seeds

No gardener or fruit grower can afford to be without our new SEED AND PLANT BOOK. IT IS A WONDER. A few of its special features, 700 Illustrations; $.750 in Cash Prizes; beautiful colored Plates; everything good, old or new. It is mailed free to all enclosing 6c. in stamps for return postage (*less than one-third its cost.*) Write to-day, mention this paper and address

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

SKATE SAILING.

Great Sport If You Only Know How.

It has been remarked in the long books which describe skate-sailing that somebody ought to have discovered this art before, because it is so simple. But there are many valuable inventions in this world, which, though quite simple,

FIG. 1—SCUDDING.

have remained a long time bottled up, and probably a great many more will be made through some accident. Ice yachting is a sport of very recent adoption, and it is essentially the same as skate-sailing. Those who know how to sail a cat-boat would have very little trouble in learning the theory, though there is considerable difficulty in getting the knack of the sails. The best way to learn thoroughly is to begin by holding your coat or umbrella open and then with the wind at your back allow yourself to be propelled forward. Next

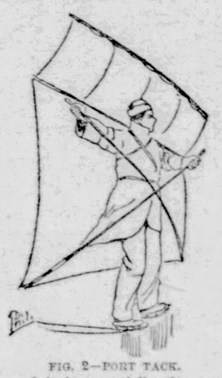

FIG. 2—PORT TACK.

try to deviate your course slightly to the right or left, holding the coat or umbrella at the same angle as before, with respect to the direction of the wind. After you have done this you will find yourself at the other end of the pond with no means of getting back, apparently, except by the vigorous use of your legs and that in the face of a brisk breeze. Here is where the science comes in.

In order to get back you will have to

FIG. 4—DOWN TOPSAIL.

discard your coat and umbrella and adopt a sail, so that you may tack. There are many different kinds of sails employed. The one represented in the picture is much used in the Danish islands and a brief description is given. The frame consists of five bamboo rods, to which the sail is attached as shown in figure 3. The sail should be made of cotton duck. The top is about 4

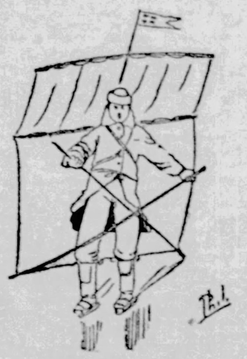

FIG. 5—STARBOARD TACK.

feet 10 inches across, the center 6 feet 2 inches, and the bottom, along the straight line from corner, 7 feet. The total height is 7 feet, of which 2 feet is the depth of the top sail. The manner of putting the apparatus together is shewn very well in the cuts. In running before the wind, as you did in going across the pond, you simply hold the spars as shown in figure 1. When your

FIG. 6—READY ABOUT.

course is at right angles to that of the wind, or against it, it is necessary to point the sail more or less in the direction from which the wind comes. By facing or turning the line of the skates to an angle of about 45 degrees to the right from the direction of the wind, and holding the sail about half as much "off," you will be enabled to tack, or work your way in a zigzag fashion gradually back to the point from which you started. This tacking is very well shown in figures 2 and 3.

Skate-sailing is very pleasant sport for a lazy man. It requires very little exertion, and at the same time, affords all the exhilaration of a fast drive or a yacht race. The sport has not been widely adopted in this immediate vicinity, though it is very popular in Canada, and is quite extensively in vogue in the New England states.

HALF WAY.

The years that steal our youth away
Come drifting on—come drifting on
Like snowflakes that endure a day
And then are gone.

Upon the hearth is blazing bright
An open fire—I sit and dream,
And think how far into the night
And storm its ruddy glow doth gleam.

And then, within my heart, to-night
The flame of youth flares up once more,
To shed a gleam of flickering light
Through all the dark that lies before.

And all the lost come back once more
And all the dead things live again,
And footsteps echo on the floor
And faces press against the pane.

And now I try so hard to catch
A whisper from the forms that pass,
To touch the hand that lifts the latch—
The lips that tremble on the glass.

And seek to check the rising tears
For sweet dead joys and loved ones gone,
For memories that like the years
Come drifting on—come drifting on.

My fire burns low, but through the gloom
Comes stealing in the gray of dawn,
The shadows scurry from the room
Till all are gone.

And morn is here—the storm is past.
The room is filled with ruddy day;
But on my head is drifting fast
The snow that never melts away.
—Kate Field's Washington.

For Children's Catarrh.

A prominent physician advises cool sponge baths twice a week in winter and oftener in summer for the cure of the common "children's catarrh." The baths should be given in a warm room and be followed by friction by rubbing to produce a glow, and if not followed by a chill or headache the reaction has been prompt and beneficial. These baths should be begun with warm water, changing gradually in following baths to tepid, then cool water. It is well, too, to begin the treatment in spring, summer or autumn rather than midwinter. They will stimulate the circulation, prevent colds, and act upon the nasal membrane, as upon the rest of the body, to promote healthy action of its functions.

Secretary Tracy has awarded the contracts for constructing the cruiser Brooklyn and the battleship Iowa to Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia.

EQUAL TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION

HUSBAND—"My dear, our boy Robert graduates from the public schools very soon, you know. Have you thought what he had best do then?"

WIFE—"Well John, I'd like ever so much to send him to college if you think we could afford it."

HUSBAND—"I'm afraid that is out of the question, my dear. Do you know it would cost at the very least $800 a year for him at any good college?"

WIFE—"Goodness, as much as that? Of course we can't send him. But I do want to give him a good start in the world, and I don't think a public school education is enough to equip him for the battle of life."

HUSBAND—"No, it is not to-day, when education is so general. Now, I've been set a thinking by an advertisement I saw in our paper the other day and that is why I brought up the subject to-night. I was reading about the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica to-day, and its really a great thing. With these books in the house, Robert will have information upon every possible subject, and it is the most reliable information in the world. Whatever his natural bent is he can find proper development for it in this encyclopedia, whether its the law, mechanics, engineering, literature or any of the arts and sciences. Besides, there he will find the life stories of all the great men of the past and he will know of their efforts, their struggles and their successes, and he may have a better and more serious view of life. These books have in them all the instruction he can get in a college education. Honestly, our paper has given us a great opportunity. Now, my dear, what do you think of my scheme?"

WIFE—"Its just splendid John; but what will the books cost?"

HUSBAND—"Why, that's the most surprising thing of all. We can get them for only ten cents a day, just think of it. Here is the offer."

ON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR

we will forward to you, charges prepaid, the entire set of 20 volumes, the remaining $9.00 to be paid at the rate of 10 cents a day (to be remitted monthly). A beautiful dime savings bank will be sent with the books, in which a dime may be deposited each day. This edition is printed from new, large type on a fine quality of paper, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last for years. Bear in mind that the entire 20 volumes are delivered to your address, with all charges paid to any part of the United States.

READ OUR PROPOSITION:

On receipt of only **One Dollar** we will forward to you, charges prepaid, the entire set of 20 volumes, the remaining $9.00 to be paid at the rate of **10 cents a day** (to be remitted monthly). A beautiful dime savings bank will be sent with the books, in which the dime may be deposited each day. This edition is printed from new, large type on a fine quality of paper, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last a lifetime. Bear in mind that the entire 20 volumes are delivered to your address, with all charges paid, to any part of the United States, Mexico and Canada.

This special offer is made only to the readers of the **Weekly Blade**, and will remain open for a limited time only.

Remember, that this offer does NOT include a year's subscription to the Weekly Blade; and that no order will be accepted unless the person sending it is a subscriber whose name appears on our books.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE:

*Please deliver to me the ent

The Household

Miss Emily S. Bouton, Editor.

HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING.

HOME TALKS.

For Others.

If there be some weaker one
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.
—Whittier.

SOME OF LIFE'S FAILURES.

How They Should Be Looked Upon Sonnet That Brought Glory. Tears and Laughter Join the Cheerful Brigade.

Life is full of pathos. With our hearts open to its perception—for the heart is an active factor in this knowledge—constantly we are brought face to face with some reality of mental suffering that fills us with tender sorrow. The world is not so kind that such possibilities do not come every day, but in the rush and roar of daily happenings we do not often stop to do more than let a wave of tender pity pass over us, clouding the brow and moistening the eye for a brief moment, perhaps, and then its thought is swallowed up in the swift crowd of passing events and is lost to our view.

One of the most pathetic things is the sight of a man or woman who has what approaches genius, if it is not its very self, and then makes a failure of every undertaking. In the morning of youth the sun of future accomplishment is of wonderful brilliancy. There is so much to be done! It is so easy to do! Yet one thing after another, each the product of thought and industry, directed by the quick brain, comes to nought. Slowly fades out the light of hope, the confidence in self, the glad sense of power. In their place come doubt and fear and discouragement—those things which palsy effort and finally destroy the impulse to do. The wide difference between possibilities that life seemed to hold and what can really be grasped is so overwhelming that existence itself becomes a burden.

We have all known such instances, seen such persons. If we have not witnessed the beginning, when the bright promise was recognized, we have watched the sad dawning and deepening of the conviction that failure to succeed is inevitable. Then it is that such a life becomes pathetic, far more so than that of the ordinary individual who goes down in the rough and tumble struggle of every-day existence. The latter may scramble to his feet again; the former when once fairly overcome rarely does.

In the Point of View of the current number of Scribner's Magazine is a description of such a failure as I have been speaking of. Felix Arvers was born in the early part of the century in Paris. His father gave him a good education, and he grew to manhood believing that he had a genius for writing verses. And so, when he found himself without resources and friendless, he had no fears for his future, because he felt that he had it in his power to produce what would bring him both fame and money. Nothing doubting, he took his manuscript to the celebrated Balzac, and the successful author told him there was nothing in his verses. Not yet daunted, he tried again and again; and finally a small volume of his work was printed. Then came a hurricane of adverse criticism, and the heart-broken youth went down to the doorway of death through his disappointment and despair.

And here comes the sweetest as well as the saddest part of the story. In the hospital he was cared for by a heavenly faced Sister of Mercy, whose coming he learned to listen and watch for as for the coming of an angel. And then, when he needed her no longer, she passed out of his ken to do for others what she had done for him. From the fullness of his heart he wrote a sonnet which was found among his papers after his death, and which the best critics say have made him immortal. Only think of it! To work for years hoping, trusting, and always failing, then to die feeling that all had been for naught. This was the sonnet:

"My soul has its own secret, life its care,
A hopeless love, that in one moment drew
The breath of life. Silent its pain I bear,
Which she who caused it, knows not, never knew.
Alas! by her unmarked my passion grew,
As by her side I walked—most lonely there,
And long as life shall last I am aware
I shall win nothing, for I dare not sue.
While she, whom God has made so kind and sweet,
Goes heedless on her way with steadfast feet,
Unconscious of love's whisper murmured low,
To duty faithful as a saint, some day,
Reading these lines all filled with her, she'll say:
'Who was this woman?' and will never know."

This is the translation, which, of course, loses somewhat of the beauty and spirit of the original.

There are many such lives as this, and viewing them, then seeing how others, less gifted, climb with ease the ladder of success and prosperity, I should be tempted to cry out against the injustice of this difference did I not know there cannot be such a thing in the universe; that at some time these failures have been earned, for we are governed by law, and that law is unchangeably just, even though its name be Love.

And then there is this way to look at it. What men call failure is often in reality triumph. Material things, wealth, fame, ease, comfort, pleasant as they are to possess, mean so little after all, beside spiritual growth—the advancement in strength and force of character. This may be the result of the lessons thus taught by disappointment. The men and women who can look such trials in the face and refuse to be conquered are they who in more senses than one "fulfill the law."

On the one side tears; on the other laughter. Did you ever think what laughter is? What are the funny things of life? Can any one define them so that, when met, they can be always recognized?

Laughter is catching—I am sure of that. I have seen a crowd of people join in an outburst and not more than one knew clearly what they were laughing about. Not long ago I approached a group of persons, listening to the words of one esteemed a wit. Just as I reached them a ripple, or rather a wave, of merriment ran through them all.

"What did he say? I asked of one who appeared as amused as the rest.

"I—well, I didn't catch it all," was the rather hesitating reply. Then I inquired of another, and another, and still another, with the same result, and yet each one apparently was enjoying something superlatively funny. It reminded me of the oft-told story of the man in New York who laid a wager that he could make a hundred people stop within ten minutes in any given place, and gaze into the air at nothing, and he did it, simply by looking in the most interested manner, himself, upward into space.

Human beings, like geese, go in flocks. What one does, others are sure to want to do, especially if it seems pleasant.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," is universally and always true. It does not make very much difference what you laugh at. Really there are no intrinsically funny things in life, funny in themselves. That is to say, it depends upon the onlooker whether certain combinations of things or circumstances arouse in himself laughter, but if they do, and he have a gift for leadership, others join him in his cachinations. Considering the power of thought, this is not strange, even if man were not a strongly imitative being.

It is a good thing to laugh, though the world seems awry, for if it comes not from the depths of one's own heart, it will make the hearts of others lighter, and that, in this world of sadness, is well done. In fact it lightens one's own suffering just as any other effort outside of self brings comfort.

On the one side tears; on the other laughter. Let us belong to the cheery ones of our world. If we have been lingering with the tears, let us manfully sweep them away and summon to our faces, smiles, to our voices, laughter.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats.

"If I were young again, I would take up some special work and try to be of some use in the world, but I am too old now to change my ways, and so must live the rest of my life in the same humdrum way I always have, doing the drudgery that others may have an easy time, and when I am gone, no one will miss me."

I looked with amazement at the woman who said this, for she was not old, certainly not more than 45 years of age, and I knew her to be one whose life was given up to works of self-denial, and good work for others.

There could be no reason for such a remark, unless she was blue, and a little questioning proved that to be the case. She had been overworked during the holidays, which had been anything but holidays for her, and some one had spoken a careless word, that, usually, would not have been noticed, but it hurt her very much, and—well we all know how little it needs to upset us mentally, when we are tired and nervous. It was this that made my friend feel as if her life had been a failure.

As for one being "too old" to take up a special work, we have only to read the lives of the most noted women of the world to learn that they were, in many instances, prevented by poverty, or home duties or by the opposition of others, from commencing the work to which they most wished to devote their lives, until they were long past middle age, and then, prepared by self-denial, and faithful performance of duties that had been sent to them, perhaps as a trial for their courage and earnestness of purpose, they have taken up the long delayed work and carried it on for years, till, like Dorethea Dix, they were obliged by reason of their "four score years" to give up active effort, and have then devoted the remainder of their lives to furthering their work by means of younger hands.

Again, why need any one take up a "special" work in order to be "of some use in the world?" There is much "general" work to be done all of the time, and those who do this work are of quite as much use as those who give themselves to some one thing, though it is true, they do not get the credit from the world in the first instance, as in the second, because "the world" can not see beyond the surface.

"Yes," said a lady, when complimented upon having done so much charitable work, "Yes, I visited those families and carried them what they needed, but if my mother and sister had not attended to my work at home for me, I could not have done it, so some of the credit certainly is due to them."

The advance guard of an army who clear away the obstacles in the road are of just as much use as the soldiers who do the fighting, and if we have not the natural gifts necessary to do great things in the world, let us not be discouraged, but be content to do such things as we can, to give to others the best possible chance for exercising their ability for doing good, and by doing well the duty that lies nearest us, we will be the better prepared to do greater things and higher duties when they come to us.

And when we are gone from this life, we shall be remembered with loving thoughts by those whom we have helped by our works or our example.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Book Covers.—Temporary book covers have become great favorites with readers, because they save the dainty covers of both books and magazines

from being soiled. These covers make remarkably pretty presents to any friend. The best material for them is linen, which can be laundered when they lose their freshness. Either brown or white may be used. First cut out of paper the pattern of the cover for the book, if there is a special book it is wanted for, or if not, have either the size of the book most commonly used, or the magazine. From the paper pattern cut the linen, only folding around it a half-inch hem. Press this down, but do not sew it. At the ends, turn up two four-inch pockets, overcast with white silk at the top and the bottom, where the edges meet. After this is done, the painted design, with whatever lettering is liked, may be put on. A pretty motto is desirable, and adds greatly to the beauty. This motto should refer to books, and may be found in almost any book of poems, or made of short, pithy sentences. The following are a few specimens: "Good Books Are Our Best Friends; They Never Change," or "Feed On the Dainty Bread in This Book," and "A Book Where You May Read Pleasant Matters," and so on. Of course, something referring to friendship would be allowable. If it is preferred to use embroidery rather than painting, then this must be done before the pockets are folded. Then they must be pressed with a hot iron, with a fine cloth over the embroidery. When it is sewed, slip two pieces of white cardboard into the covers to stiffen them. For the heavy brown linen, the cardboard is not necessary.

Instead of linen, people sometimes use silk, or velvet, or plush. These are made in the same way. The linen, however, seems, the most appropriate.

Watch Cases.—A pretty device for carrying watches in these days is as follows: Buy an inexpensive chatelaine chain and hook of steel or other metal, such as are used for carrying a fan; it should not be more than four or five inches long. Have a piece of ribbon, any color you choose, two and a half inches wide and nine inches long. Turn up one end of it two and a half inches, to form a pocket, and stitch it together on the sides. Fasten the hook and chain on the other end of the ribbon, so that the watch will rest easily in the pocket. Then take another piece of ribbon long enough to conceal the chatelaine and extend it to the end of the pocket, and on the bottom of this set a little butterfly bow, as an ornamental finish. This has the effect of trimming on the dress when the hook is slipped into the belt. If the ribbon is black, the bag can be worn with any number of gowns.

Slipper Case.—A pretty Christmas or birthday gift for a young lady who attends parties is a painted case in which to carry her slippers. Get two pieces of white linen duck—one eighteen inches long, and the other thirteen inches, and each seven inches wide. Round both ends of the longer piece and one end of the shorter. Embroider on the top of the long piece, in heavy white silk, bunches of daffodils or any other favorite flower; lady slippers are very pretty and appropriate. On the shorter piece embroider a similar cluster, remembering that the square end is the top. Lay the short piece upon the long and sew neatly together. Put a heavy silk cord around the edge, then fold the top of the longer piece over the shorter, like a pocket-flap, and fasten with a button and a loop of the cord. The two pieces may be bound together with satin ribbon or braid, and a long white satin handle to go over the arm be fastened at the corners where it is turned down.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; th, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; d ch st, close chain stich; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Tobacco Bag.—Use two balls crochet silk, and work with a steel crochet hook. 1st row—1 tr into each of 3 stitches—3 ch—1 tr into each of 3 next stitches—pass by 3 stitches, and repeat from beginning of the row 6 times more—turn. 2d row—ch 5—work 7 scallops like those of 1st row—turn. 3d row—ch 5—7 scallops—ch 2—1 double into tr at beginning of 2d row—turn. 4th row—ch 5—1 tr into next tr—2 ch—7 scallops—2 ch—1 tr into tr at end of last row—ch 2—1 tr into center of 2d ch—turn. 5th row—ch 7—1 tr into 2d ch—ch 2—1 tr into next tr—ch 2—7 scallops as before—ch 2—1 tr into 1st of ch 2—ch 2—1 tr into next tr—ch 3—1 tr into center of 5 ch—turn. 6th row—ch 7—4 tr under ch 2—1 tr into 1st of 3 tr—4 tr under ch 2—ch 2 1 tr into 1st of 3 tr—ch 2—7 scallops as before—ch 2—4 tr under ch 2—3 tr under next 2 ch—ch 3 1 tr into center of 7 ch—turn. 7th row—ch 7—8 tr over tr of last row—ch 2—1 tr into 1st of 7 scallops—ch 2—1 tr into 1st of 3 tr of last row—ch 2—pass by 2 st—1 tr in each of 8 st—ch 3—1 tr into center of ch 7—turn. 8th row—ch 7—1 tr into 1st of 8 tr—ch 3—pass by 2 st—1 tr into next—*—ch 2—pass by 2—1 tr into next—repeat from * 3 times more—ch 2—7 scallops—ch 3—pass by 3 st—1 tr into next—*—ch 2—pass by 2 st—1 tr into next—repeat from * 11 times more. The 3 center tr are worked into 1 st—ch 3—1 double into end of 1st row—turn. 9th row—* 3 doubles under ch—ch 5—1 double into the 1st—repeat from * 13 times more—ch 2—7 scallops—ch 2—1 tr under ch 2—*—ch 2—pass by 2—1 tr in next—repeat from * 11 times more. The 2 center tr are worked into same st—ch 1—1 double into ch at turn of 2d row—turn. 10th row—1 double under 1 ch—*—ch 4—1 double into the 1st—pass by 1 st—1 double into each of 2 next st—repeat from * 12 times more. Between the 5th and 6th and 8th and 9th picots work 4 instead of 2 doubles—ch 1—1 double into last tr—ch 2—7 scallops—repeat from 1st row 9 times more, working under the ch of previous row—sew the lower vandykes to form a bottom, and sew up the sides—run a double cord through the work just below the 1st scallop—finish with tassels—line the bag with wash-leather or oil silk.—Boston Budget.

Correspondence.

Another Dress Making Chat.—"Inexperience," your light blue all wool dress would take almost any dark color. You can dye it a navy blue as you desire. Weigh the goods and allow one package of diamond, dark blue dye to each pound of the goods, if you wish a deep (not navy) blue, dark blue, or, one package to each two pounds of goods, if a medium dark blue is desired. If you wish a navy blue, or a blue black (they are almost the same) use diamond navy blue dye, allowing one package of dye to every two pounds of goods. This will be very near blue, almost a black. I should advise a lighter shade, made by allowing one package to every four pounds of goods, as being much prettier than the very dark. A lovely deep blue is made by allowing one package of dye to every six pounds of goods. Follow the directions upon the package. In dissolving the dye, tie it up loosely in a piece of cheese cloth, or other thin cotton, place in a dish and pour boiling water over it, and let it stand over night.

Use a large dish pan to dye the goods in, and do not put the goods in until it is boiling hot, and let them remain as long, or longer, than the directions say. If care is used no dye need get upon the hands. While boiling, stir and turn the goods constantly with a stick. Rinse through several waters until very little dye comes out, then scour out in soap suds, rinse, and when almost dry, press well. I generally pin the goods upon the wall after ironing, so there will be no creases in it. By following the above directions you can not fail. The goods will take any medium or dark color except reds. If red was desired, it could be boiled in soap suds and soda until it is a dirty greyish white, when it would take any color. Be sure to rinse the goods in warm water before putting into the dye.

"Emma Aznoe"—Your dress that is made a tight fitting waist can not very well be made into a basque. However, you can use the velvet to make a basque. If you do not care to have the whole waist of velvet, make it in this way: Use the velvet to make a short basque, having the top reach about to the bust, like what is called a Spanish waist. The top part is formed of the old waist. Put ribbons up over the shoulders, placing a bow or rosette directly on top. If I were you I would rip the skirt and waist apart and put in a wide belt. Make the velvet basque part separate, and put it on over the waist. It can then be fastened together if desired. If your sleeves are plain, put on a Russian cap of velvet at the top, and velvet cuffs, also velvet collar. A bias band of velvet will improve the skirt. You can make a whole velvet basque with wool sleeves, but the above would be prettier, more stylish, and more economical. If you have more of the flannel you can put in a belt and add a deep flounce below the belt to similate a Russian blouse, and then cover the belt with a deep, pointed, velvet girdle. This would be pretty and inexpensive. Or, you could put in the belt as above, and use simply the girdle. This would make it look waisted enough, and be very neat.—Jean Hunt.

Correspondence Clippings.

It seems to me that the Household sisters who used to write such entertaining and useful letters to us have forsaken us. Why is it? Are they too busy, or are they tired of helping us? I am sure they would not feel that their time had been wasted, or that their efforts have not been appreciated, if they could know how many times some discouraged woman has received fresh courage from them. And those who have asked for advice have been the means of helping others, who, needing the same as they, did not know how to express themselves so well, to ask for it. Think how many have been helped by the answers that were sent to "Farmer's Wife," "John's Wife," and all of the other wives and daughters who have come to the Household for help. Hasn't "Laura" some other questions to ask us about her husband and baby? or has she become so experienced that she does not need to ask of the Household? I, for one, am very much interested in her; she seemed to have just such troubles as I did one time, a great many years ago, but I had no one to go to for advice, as I was so far away from every one I knew, and postage was so high that we could not afford to write "home" about every little trouble, and there was no "Household" to help us. We just had to do the best we could. I would like to hear from Flora Ence Enstis, who wrote such nice letters from her Southern home, and from Mrs. Burgess, whose very decided utterances had the effect, on all shams, of a destroying and purifying fire; and Chatta Bella, with her lovely flower talks, and from all of our old time friends. By the way, what has become of that "Old Maid," who wrote such very vigorous letters on the tobacco question? Isn't there some evil that she can fight with her sharp pen and sharper wits? Do come back to us friends—and comfort us some more, with your letters.—Disconsolate Dolly.

I wonder if the Household girls say from 14 to 20 years of age, could not have a corner in the paper for their very own selves, where they could exchange opinions on the books they have read, or their work in the world, for I think such girls ought to have some work, and ought to do it, too. I do not know just what we could have, or what we could call it, but I do wish the editor would suggest something, and that the girls would join. I, for one, would be glad to do my share, who else would? —Alice S.

If there are half a dozen, or more, girls who would like to "have something," as Alice expresses it, and who would be willing to work to make the "something" a success, perhaps the editor could arrange a plan for them. But those who join this venture must be ready to do their share, at the time appointed. Application for membership must be sent in by February 15, as none will be considered after that. Correct spelling, plain writing and a common knowledge of the rules of grammar will be necessary for admission, and the general neatness of the letters written will also be considered. Soon after the date mentioned, the names of those to take part in this work, will be published, with a description of the plan to be carried out. Remember, girls, this is an opportunity for you to benefit yourselves and others, if you are in earnest and do your best. When sending your names for this, give your full name and address, the name you wish to have signed to your articles, and also suggest a name for our corner.—Editor.

C. C.'s articles about the Chicago exposition are very nice, I think, but I cannot see how we are to be benefited, practically, by them, unless we can have the address of the persons in charge of these boarding houses she speaks of. We know that it would not be fair to ask the Household to advertise them, but I would like to suggest to these proprietors, both male and female, that it would be money in their pockets next summer if they would advertise their rates and accommodations in time so that we, who have to calculate very closely on our expenses, could make our arrangements as soon as possible. They all say "engage your rooms early," but do not say any thing of the cost of the rooms.—Prudence.

Inquiries.

Will some one send a sure cure for a felon—something that has been tried and proven to be good?—Arthur M.

Will some send the whooping cough remedy that was published in The Household a short time ago?—Mrs. J. J. B.

Will some one tell me how to make colored ink, and what is "India" ink made of?—Teddy.

Will some one send a recipe for lemon jelly?—Ella.

Will some one send a recipe for Charlotte Russe? and will some one tell me why my boiled custards are always lumpy? I cannot make them come smooth and creamy.—Josephine H.

Will some one tell me what will cure frosted feet, and bunions?—J. J. F.

Is "antikamnia," recommended in a late number of the Household, for cramp in the stomach, a powder, or a liquid, and will it leave any bad effect upon the system?

It is a powder and safe to take under ordinary circumstances, but only under the advice of a physician.—Ed.

Answers to Inquiries.

G. D. M. asks, first, in what manner should a young lady address her fiance, in writing to him; second, should she accept a present from him—if so, should she thank him for it; third, should he place the engagement ring on her finger, and on which finger? First, it is quite impossible for a stranger to dictate in so delicate a matter; every engaged young lady must use her own discretion as to what she calls "him," but why not address him in the same manner as you do when speaking to him? It may be a comfort to you in after days to know that you did not "gush" too much in your pre-nuptial correspondence. Second, it is perfectly correct for you to accept a present from him, and you should, most certainly, thank him, if he should give you one. Third, the engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, and is worn as a guard to the wedding ring after marriage. The young man usually claims the privilege, we believe, of placing the ring on the lady's finger.—Ed.

G. W. S.:—Dress as the other members of your class do, and do not endeavor to surpass them in this respect, even though you are obliged to dispense with the happiness of wearing your "brilliant stud" in your dress tie. Let your "brilliancy" show in your examinations.—Ed.

Pris:—The proper way to break off a disagreeable correspondence is to simply cease writing to the person. If there is any special reason why you desire to drop the correspondence, you can explain if you wish to, and in many cases it is well to do so, as there is sometimes a misunderstanding that could be righted if an explanation was allowed, but if you are convinced on general principles that the continuation of a correspondence would be of no pleasure or benefit to you, you had better let it drop. A cessation of letters might be caused by sickness or delay in the mails, but if, after waiting a reasonable time, you write again and receive no reply, you may safely conclude that the other person desires to discontinue the correspondence. The case you mention of two girls whose correspondence of several months was abruptly terminated, probably means nothing more than one of them had become tired of it. If a stranger bows to you, thinking you an acquaintance, you should take no notice of it, and he will then know he was mistaken.—Ed.

Mrs. N. S.:—For all information regarding the Chautauquan course, write to "The Chautauqua Office, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.," and you will receive circulars, etc., explaining the work.—Ed.

To the lady who wanted a cure for la grippe, if she will doctor her liver, and when she feels it coming on to take a pill of assafoetida at night, for three nights, I don't think she will be troubled with it. I have known it to break it up for several persons here. If one's liver is healthy, I don't think they will ever have la gripe, at least I have always noticed it to be so.—Anna.

Recipes.

For Frozen Feet.—Balsam copibia applied warm, will cure the worst cases.

For a Burn.—Hog's bristles burnt to a crisp in lard, then rubbed fine, spread upon a cloth and applied to a burn, will cure it very quickly.

To Remove Pine Pitch.—Rub the spot well with fresh lard. This will soften the pitch so that it can easily be removed by washing with hot water and soap.—Mrs. H. S. Churchill.

Do the readers of the Household know that the roots and tough stalks of celery, when chopped fine and dried, are spendid for soups and dressings? and that pouring boiling water over raisins makes the labor of seeding them much less?—Barbara Allen.

Remedy for Chapped Hands.—1 oz. carbonate of ammonia, 6 ozs. sal soda, 24 ozs. white soap. Boil in 5 qts. soft water till soap is dissolved; take from fire and stir till cold. This will make 12 lbs. of a mixture unequalled for chapped hands, or for cleaning woolen garments, and will not injure anything for which soap may be used.—T. E. Evans.

An Easily Prepared Dessert.—Add to 1-2 pt of strong, clear coffee, 1-2 pt of rich milk and 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar. Put in a double boiler, and when it is boiling hot, add 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Stir constantly till it thickens, then pour out into molds, and serve cold with cream. Or the coffee may be omitted, and 1-2 cupful of stoned and chopped raisins used with 1 pt of milk. —C. H. S.

FOR CONSTIPATION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. J. R. FORTSON, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and think it worth a thorough trial by the profession."

His Sacrifice.

He used to come into the store
In fancy vest arrayed,
And oh the neckties that he wore,
The colors that he displayed!

But now no tints about him lurk,
On different plans he's built.
Alas! his best girl's hard at work
Upon a crazy quilt.
—Clothier and Furnisher.

SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

The Cleaning of Streets—Some Peculiarities of the Irish.

Editor Household:—For several days past there has been more snow on the ground than at any time since the great blizzard of 1888, and New Yorkers are taking advantage of it by getting out all vehicles that go on runners.

In the afternoons Fifth avenue and the drives in Central Park are filled with every kind of sleigh, from the gayest of cutters to wagon beds put on runners and filled with the happy children of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker." The turnouts of the four hundred are most varied in design and most beautiful. Even the horses seem to realize that they are out on parade, and as for the dignified coachmen, they are so wrapped in furs that they can afford to smile with impunity. The air is filled with the sweet jangle of the bells, and gay-colored plumes on the horses and sleighs, give a Russian effect that seems to be the aim of the millionaire sleigh owners.

Perhaps the most unhappy man in town is the street cleaning commissioner. Day after day he is besieged by two opposing parties. The first is made up of those fortunate people who own sleighs, and naturally wish to use them as long as the weather will permit. The second, and larger faction, has for its members the crowds who go on foot or on wheels. They can see no reason why so important a thoroughfare as Fifth avenue should be left in an almost impassable condition, covered as it is with four inches of dry snow that will not pack down, and that seems like even meal to the pedestrian who is forced to wade through it. The two parties are equally powerful and equally wealthy, and time alone can help the street commissioner out of his dilemma. At present, it is said, that he is petitioning the clerk of the weather to send a simoon to New York that will melt the snow. He evidently has no friend at court, for almost every day a little more snow falls, and all the predictions are for a cold wave.

However, there is quite an army of people who, instead of making hay while the sun shines, are pocketing money while the snow falls. Pat and his shovel are omnipresent. In the early morning he starts out with his pipe and high boots, and goes from door to door, cleaning off the snow and turning an honest penny that will not long stay in his pocket.

The Irish are doubtless improvident, and without the thrift of the Germans who come to this country to make their fortunes, but what would New York be without them? Some one in a recent speech against Tammany and its methods exclaimed: "I tell you, gentlemen, New York has become the capital of Ireland," and so it has. St. Patrick's Day here almost equals the Fourth of July in the enthusiasm with which it is celebrated, and everywhere you go you hear the soft Irish brogue, from policemen, conductors, clerks, servants, beggars. One of the most popular theaters in the city is owned by an Irishman, and Irish plays to the exclusion of all others, are given there. Many of the actors are from the Emerald Isle, and those who are not, study their parts by going to the Bowery, and talking to the odd characters that are always to be met there. When they find a character that is particularly unique, they not infrequently beguile him by a friendly drink into selling the clothes off his back, so that their make-up will be truly realistic. Of course, Irish comedy is not exactly high-toned, but at the (Harrigan's) theater, there is very fine and conscientious acting, and it is a relief to escape from the popular society plays that too often occupy the boards.

In New York hotels there is good opportunity for studying Hibernianisms, for nine-tenths of the servants are Irish. Many are the amusing conversations between Jerrys, Maggies and Nonas that can be overheard in the corridors, their fund of good spirits apparently being inexhaustible. It seems to be as impossible for an Irishman to keep from flirting with the nearest woman, be she old or young, as for a German to give up his mug of beer. Mike O'Donovan was window washer in a certain hotel, his labors being much increased by his having a sweetheart on every floor but the fourth, where he had two. At any hour of the day you might find Mike chaffing one of the chambermaids and very often with his arm around her waist, trying to steal a kiss. Then there would be a scuffle and much good-natured vituperation, and Mike would run down the hall, while his bucket came sailing after him.

To most people the most amusing characteristic of the Irish is their blarney. The average hotel servant will tell you the most outrageous falsehoods concerning your personal merits or beauty in such an insinuating way that you can't help feeling flattered and weakly bring the conversation to a close by giving her all of your spare change—the one thing that the woman has had in view from the beginning.

It is seldom that a chambermaid can be found who will not, on the slightest provocation, pour forth an incessant stream of gossip about the guests of the hotel who are on her floor. She will usually begin by telling how small her wages are, and how her "chances" are so much poorer than any of the other maids. Then if you cross her palm with silver, the blessings of all the saints are invoked upon your head, and she is prepared to lay down her life for you. The Irish gloat over sickness and death with as much fervor as the negroes. Once when a lady was confined to her room in a hotel by nothing more serious than a cold, her life was made miserable by the chambermaid, who had formerly been employed in a hospital. Her continuous talk was of the man in four sixty seven who was "in consumption;" of the occupant of an adjacent room who was being "killed by dyspepsia," and of the manner in which her brother-in-law's deceased aunt was "waked." Her sister, she said, was much in need of a good doctor, for she was suffering from the "ammonia, that terrible disease that comes after the la grippe."

The invalid, hoping to put her in a more cheerful frame of mind, gave her some money, but in vain. Katie pocketed it with a "thank you, ma'am; and I hopes you will soon get better; but if you don't, you can depend on my doing all I can for you to the last."

Grant that the Irish are shiftless, improvident and not-to-be-depended-on, but compare them with the morose Teutons and be thankful that there is one race in the United States besides the negroes who can live lightly. Especially in the rush and turmoil of existence in New York some leaven of gayety is needed for daily life and this is what the Irish give us. R. B. WYLLYSS.

New York, Jan. 11, '93.

Nature's Surest Ally.
If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us, lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

THE SONG OF THE ICE.

Sing ho; sing ho! for the skater, oh!
For the flying feet and the winds that blow!
For the blood that runs to the cheeks, to glow
Like the western sky!

Sing ho! once more for the flying shore!
And the great long cracks in our icy floor!
And the tree-tops that wail of the sad no more,
Of the days gone by!

Sing ho! sing ho! as we glide and go
Where the pines on the edge of the shore bend low
Over the ice and the streams still flow
As in times gone by!

Sing ho! once more while the pine tops roar
With a song that they sing to us o'er and o'er,
As the old sun walks through the great red door
Of the western sky!
—Charles Gordon Rogers in Outing.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Banbury Town.

"Whither away, little maid in gray,
All in the sunshine, whither away?
Are you seeking flowers for the daisy chain—
Will you weave a crown of the golden grain,
A glittering golden crown to wear
All on the curls of your shining hair?

"Whither away, little maiden mine?
Would you pluck a posy of eglantine?
Do you seek for the fortunate shamrock leaf?
Do you come to gather an ample sheaf
Of bearded barley or stately wheat—
Dear little maid with the hurrying feet?"

"Nay, sir, none of these things for me,
Though the flowers are many and fair to see—
Golden the grain, and cool the shade—
Pleasant the rivulet bed to wade—
But mine is a journey of high renown,
For I'm off and away to Banbury Town!

"Oh, Banbury Town is bright and gay;
Banbury folk are rich and great.
Want may walk with you all the way;
But it never can win through Banbury gate;
Only delight and joy are known
To those who dwell in Banbury Town."

"Stay little maid, nor strive alone
To reach that wonderful far-off land;
Perhaps when life and its tasks are done
We shall enter its portals hand in hand.
And when the sun of our life goes down,
It may arise again on Banbury Town."
—Clothilde Balfour, in Longman's Magazine.

For the Young Folks.

The Wilton Why's.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

When the Wilton twins were born, there was much excitement among all the relatives. You would have thought there never had been twins born before. Both the grandfathers and grandmothers, all the uncles, aunts and cousins came from far and near to see them.

And for the very reason that they were such wonderful babies, no names could be found to suit them, and for two years they were called Dot and Tot, though Dot was often taken for Tot, and vice versa, as they were so much alike.

So time went on, the poor babies remaining un-named, till by a strange coincidence Grandma Wilton and Grandma Gray died within a week of each other, when papa and mamma decided to call the babies after their grandmothers. Grandma Gray's name was Harriet, and Grandma Wilton's Henrietta, so the twins were baptized these names, and of course were nicknamed Hattie and Hettie.

The twins grew larger, stronger and more mischievous every day. They were absurdly alike in appearance, and when old enough to talk wanted to know "why?" so often that they became known as the Wilton's Whys. They were quick to learn, and could read very well a year before they were sent to school, Brother Edgar being their teacher.

When they were six years old, mamma said they were too mischievous to be kept at home any longer, so they were sent to Miss Barton's private school.

Miss Barton was a near-sighted woman of forty-five, with thin, gray hair and a wrinkled face. She peered through her glasses at the twins and shook her head.

"I shall never be able to tell you apart. Which is which, anyway?"

"I'm which, and she's who," spoke up Hettie gleefully.

"And I'm this one, and she's that," said Hattie, smiling. "Why, Miss Barton, why do you have a mole on your forehead?"

"Little girls must not ask questions," said Miss Barton, reprovingly. "Are you always dressed alike?"

"Yes'm," said Hattie, "unless I tear a hole in my apron, or Hettie cuts her finger, and has to wear a piece of sticking-plaster."

"Well, to-morrow you ask your ma to tie a pink ribbon on Harriet's hair, and a blue one on Henrietta's. Then I'll know you apart."

All that first day Miss Barton looked in a puzzled way at the twins, not knowing what to address either. She gave them a lesson to study, and in a few minutes they had learned it, and were bending over their slates, as if much interested in something.

"What are you doing, Henrietta?" asked the teacher, looking at both of them. Hettie, with a confiding smile, held up her slate, on which she had made a very good picture of a canary in a cage, and a second picture, supposed to be the same bird, lying stiff in death. "You see, I make pictures, and Hattie writes po'try about it."

"Yes, here's the po'try," said Hattie:

"Lulu had a little bird,
Which was never heard
To sing badly;
But then it died,
And Lulu cried,
And missed it sadly."

Miss Barton looked in mute surprise at the twins. "You are not doing what I told you, girls. That is disobedient."

"We know our lesson, Miss Barton," said Hattie. "And if we know it perfect, we can't know it any better, so what's the use wasting our time looking at the book any more?"

"Well, you may come and recite."

The twins read and spelled the lessons, after which their teacher proceeded to ask them questions on it.

"Harriet, what is a radish?"

"Oh, its something that grows in the ground, long and red, you know, 'cept when it's round and white, and it's good to eat if you put salt on it. Why is it, Miss Barton, that we need salt on so many things?"

We are not discussing salt just now. We are interested in the radish that grew in little John's garden."

"I'm not interested in it," said Hattie. "I'm tired of John's garden and how he went every day to see if the radishes had come up, and how he puleld them up to make them grow faster. Seems to me he was awfully silly. Say, Miss Barton, when is a nose not a nose? When it's a little red dish. That doesn't mean your nose, though it's rather red."

"There's another answer to that," said Hattie. "When it's a turn-up. Your nose does turn up a little, Miss Barton."

By this time the scholars were all tittering and the twins looked in an interested way at poor Miss Barton's nose. That lady colored and addressed them severely:

"You are saucy little girls, and may go to your seats."

At recess Miss Barton heard loud talking on the steps, and went out to see what was the matter. Abraham Morton, a little colored boy, was rubbing his head with a defiant expression on his face, while the Wilton twins looked at him with curiosity. The other children stood near, laughing and speaking as if much amused.

"What's all this?" demanded the teacher. All looked at Abraham, who said, sullenly:

"Those two girls have been a-touching my hair, and I'll pay 'em back; see if I don't."

"I'll tell you, Miss Barton," said Hattie, eagerly. "You see, down at Dale's ore they keep a girl to sell soap, and as soon as she gets there in the morning she blacks her face and hands, and when any one comes to her counter she begins to rub soap and water on to get the black off, and says:

"'I would be a very black daughter
If it wasn't for soap and water.'

"Sometimes she says, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' and sometimes this:

"'The soap I advertise
Is the best one ever tries.'

"Well, you see Hettie wanted to know if Abraham was only a blacked-up boy, like the girl who shows off soap, or a real, truly black boy right to the bone. And I told her his woolly hair would show her, and she thought she'd like to feel it, to see if it feels like wool. And she just touched his hair and said, it does feel woolly, and he got angry. Say, Miss Barton, why is his hair like that?"

"Abraham, if you won't be angry any more, I'll give you some coolers," said Hettie, diving into the depths of her pocket.

"What's coolers?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Only pep'mints, but I always call 'em coolers, 'cause they cool one's mouth."

Abraham condescended to be pacified with this peace-offering, and they went into the school-room together. All day the twins asked their teacher many questions she was unable to answer, as, Why do commas have tails? how cats make the noise we call purring, and why do we see small images of ourselves in each other's e

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

ANTI-OPTION BILL.

What Will be Its Fate?—Piles of Petitions For and Against Its Passage—Other Pending Measures.

Washington, Jan. 11.—(Special.)—Notwithstanding the fact that Congress has less than 60 days of its career remaining, the people who recognize the "right of petition" continue to make themselves very active and officious. The amount of advice that Congress gets from the people ought to enable it to do some wonderful work in the way of legislation. The difficulty seems to be that, in the terms of the old adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." Never a day passes that the Congressional Record does not have a long list of petitions sent in from all parts of the country, and a corps of clerks is still kept busy docketing and distributing and filing these petitions, which seldom get any attention after they have reached the committees to which they are assigned.

It seems to be pretty well settled now in the minds of those who have followed the struggles over the anti-option bill that it will pass the Senate in some form. It is probable, however, that it will be so much changed before it gets through that body that the House will scarcely recognize it when it gets back there.

"I think the bill will pass the Senate when we get ready to vote on it," said Senator Coke, of Texas, to your correspondent, but in a very different form from the House bill. I think the bill which was sent us from the House was about the worst piece of legislation that I have ever seen come from that or any other body. It violated the constitution repeatedly, and would have done great harm to many interests."

The people who are feeling the greatest anxiety about the control of the Senate are the sugar producers and the tin plate manufacturers. That there have been heavy investments in both of these lines since the enactment of the McKinley law which will be seriously damaged in their business prospects by a repeal of that law cannot be doubted. The amount of money invested in beet sugar factories and tin plate factories since the passage of the McKinley act runs well up into the millions. There can be no doubt, if the Democrats control the Senate, as it seems probable they will do, that about the first work of the new Congress will be to repeal the act under which these two industries were the chief beneficiaries. Hence the anxiety with which the people interested in them are watching the situation in the Senate. And the chances to-day seem to be about four out of five that the Senate will be Democratic, and that the advantages given these industries and under which these investments have been made will disappear like mist before the rising sun.

DEATH OF SENATOR KENNA.

The Youngest Man in the United States Senate.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, died at 3 o'clock this morning of heart disease, from which he has been for some years an acute sufferer, so much so that for long intervals he had been compelled to abandon his duties as senator and to forego all mental exertion. Two summers ago, with a view of diverting his mind from his physical ailments he established an amateur boat builder's shop and busied himself in the mechanical operation of constructing a boat. He partially recovered and resumed his seat in the Senate, where he made one memorable speech, which was remarkable both for its length and its vigor, but soon suffered a relapse from which he never rallied. His sufferings during the last few months of his life from heart spasms were so poignant that to himself, as well as to his family, death must have been looked upon as almost welcome.

SENATOR KENNA.

Mr. Kenna was born in 1848, was consequently only 45 years of age—the youngest man in the Senate. His birthplace was Valcoulon, Va., since incorporated into West Virginia. He worked on a farm until the outbreak of the civil war, when he entered the Confederate army as a private and fought through to the end. He afterwards studied and practiced law until elected to Congress. He served six years in the lower house and then in 1883 was elected to the Senate as a Democrat to succeed Henry G. Davis, the father-in-law of Secretary Stephen G. Elkins, and the business associate of James G. Blaine. His term of service would have expired in 1895.

The complete returns will show that there was a gain of seven million dollars in the collection of internal revenue for the first six months of the present fiscal year over the receipts of the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

The house committee on Commerce has decided to report two bills to amend the interstate commerce law so as to meet the Supreme court decision in the celebrated Counselman case and also Judge Gresham's recent decision.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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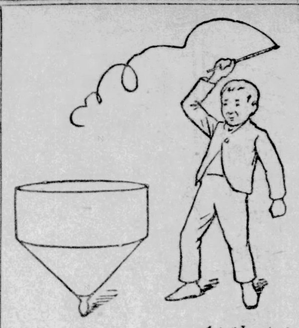

At the top of all washing mediums, you will find *Pearline*. When you have found it you will never let it go. In washing clothes or cleaning house, you can find nothing else that saves as much work without doing the slightest harm. Use *Pearline*, and you can find no fault; if you don't use *Pearline*, the fault is your own.

Beware of imitations. 233 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

GENERAL BUTLER,

Passes to His Last Rest—His Sudden Death at Washington a Matter of Surprise—His Career.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Gen. Benjamin F. Butler is dead. He died at 1:30 a. m. of heart failure, superinduced by an attack of pneumonia.

There had been some apparent increase of feebleness in his gait recently, but not more so than might be expected from his advanced age—74. This was partly due to his increasing bulk and the fact that he had exceptionally small feet and weak ankles upon which to support so heavy a weight. His faculties remained unimpaired. He went to the War department after leaving the court in the afternoon, looking after some business, and during the day took a severe cold which later developed into pneumonia. Nevertheless he sat down to dinner at his home with his accustomed cheerfulness and afterwards sat chatting with the members of the household. The subject of sudden death was one upon which he had frequently spoken and he had predicted that he would go off like a flash some day. He had no dread of sudden death; on the contrary he had said frequently he would prefer to go suddenly, rather than to linger and suffer. He spoke of Mr. Blaine in this connection at dinner and asked how he was. Being informed that he was holding his own, he replied: "Mark me, he will outlive us all yet."

GEN. B. F. BUTLER.

Retired Early.

Gen. Butler retired last night at 11 o'clock and soon after midnight his colored body servant, West, who has accompanied him on all his journeys for the last ten or fifteen years, and who slept in an adjoining room, heard him coughing violently. He went into the general's bedroom to see if he could be of any assistance but found that the general had passed on to the bathroom adjoining. Thither West followed and offered his assistance. The general mentioned that his expectoration had been discolored with blood. He did not appear to think seriously of the matter, however, and after his valet had assisted him to his bed, he said: "That's all, West. You need not do anything more," and apparently went to sleep.

He had lain on his bed but a few moments, however, when his heavy breathing again caused alarm. Mr. Lanier Dunn, his nephew, by marriage, who resided in the same house, started out in search of medical assistance. It was fully fifteen minutes before he could secure aid, and when he returned with Dr. Luce, the assistant of Dr. Bayne, the family physician, it was seen that the general was already in extremis. The doctor so informed the two nieces of the general, Mrs. Dunn and Miss Stevens, who were at his bed side, and death almost immediately ensued.

The career of Benjamin Franklin Butler is associated with some of the most striking and dramatic events in American history. He was born in 1818, in Deerfield, N. Y. His father, Captain John Butler, served under Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. He received a college education in Maine, studied law, and became a member of the Massachusetts legislature. His prominence in national politics began with the Charleston convention, in 1860, when he voted 57 times for Jefferson Davis, who a few years later, during Butler's administration of affairs in New Orleans, proclaimed him an outlaw. At the outbreak of the war he was a brigadier general of the Massachusetts militia, and when Lincoln issued his first call for troops, Butler took command of the celebrated Eight Massachusetts regiment, which was the first organized body to encounter hostile onslaught. He was soon afterwards placed in command of the Department of Eastern Virginia.

In 1862, after Farragut had virtually captured New Orleans, Butler took possession of the city. His administration of affairs was marked by great vigor and the ensuing December he was declared an outlaw by Jefferson Davis. After Butler was then recalled, and near the close of 1863 he was placed in command of the department of Virginia and North Carolina. He was afterward called to the army of the James. In 1864 he was sent to New York to insure quiet during the election. In December of that year he conducted an efficient expedition against Fort Fisher and was afterwards removed from command by Gen. Grant.

In 1866 he was elected to Congress as a Republican, where he remained until 1875, with the exception of the years 1875-77.

He was the most active of the managers appointed in 1868 by the House of Representatives to conduct the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson.

He was the unsuccessful candidate for governor of Massachusetts in 1875; was candidate of the Independent Greenback-ers in 1878, and became their candidate for office and was again defeated. In 1882 he was elected by the Democrats; was renominated in 1883 and was defeated. In 1884 he was the candidate of the Greenbackers and Anti-Monopolists for President and received 133,825 votes. He was at the time of his death 75 years of age. During the latter years of his life he had devoted his time to the practice of law, and was counsel in many cases of importance before the Supreme court.

The familiar face and broad-brimmed hat of Gen. Butler was seen in the Supreme court room yesterday, as yesterday. The old contest over the will of Samuel Strong, heard by the general term on an appeal from the Circuit court, was to have been tried this term. Judge O. D. Barrett asked the court to put the case down for hearing this week to accommodate Gen. Butler, as it might not be convenient to attend later in the term. The court was obliged to refuse the request, as other important cases had the precedence and the bench was shorthanded until Judge Cole takes his seat.

LAMONT HAS BEEN SHIFTED.

He is Now Slated for the War Portfolio.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Col. Daniel S. Lamont has been shifted on the Cabinet slate to the position of War secretary, thus leaving the Navy portfolio, which Lamont preferred, for Congressman Herbert, of Alabama. It is said Amos Cummings will succeed Herbert as chairman of the committee on Naval Affairs.

BLAINE'S ILLNESS.

Peculiar Action of His Stomach—How It Refuses to Work and Then Begins Again—Stoppings More Frequent.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The following new and interesting account of the malady of ex-Secretary Blaine, comes from an eminent physician in Washington, who is a friend of the Blaine family. There has been much speculation as to the real cause of Mr. Blaine's sudden illness and equally sudden recoveries, and many theories have been advanced. But the Blaine family and their physicians have kept silent and there has been no explanation, which seemed to fit all the facts.

According to this Washington physician, Mr. Blaine is suffering from a rare and curious malady. A sort of aggravated indigestion, which is by no means as simple and explainable a sickness as indigestion. His own physicians are much astonished at the manifestations of this disease, and there is wide difference of opinion as to the cause of it. Like so many other Americans who have worked hard, and have eaten irregularly, Mr. Blaine has long suffered from indigestion. As soon as these attacks became serious he put himself upon careful diet, and in every way tried to restore his stomach to its normal health. But several years ago a curious and unaccountable thing happened. After Mr. Blaine had eaten an ordinary meal his stomach, without any twinging or pronounced, suddenly stopped work. The muscles, which continually expand or contract a healthy stomach, ceased to operate. The gland which secretes the juice which aids the progress of digestion, ceased to secrete. His stomach did not act feebly, as is the case in ordinary indigestion; it simply did not act at all.

Refused to Respond.

The doctors tried all the assistants to digestion, but the stomach refused to respond. It was taking a rest. Indeed, so far as they knew at the time, it had forever stopped. After awhile, when Mr. Blaine was very near to death, the stomach, without warning, resumed its normal functions. The physicians were as much puzzled by this as they had been by the stopping. They enjoined upon Mr. Blaine great care in his diet, and went away. The stomach, working as if nothing had happened, ceased to trouble him.

Several months passed, says this Washington physician, and Mr. Blaine had no more trouble. He relaxed his caution a little, but as he committed no sin against his digestive organs, he was free from any pangs. Then, just as it had stopped in the former instance, so it stopped again. Mr. Blaine had put his meal into a lifeless sack, which had no more ability to digest than the stomach of a corpse. Again the physicians came, and again they questioned him closely as to what he did eat. But he had eaten nothing which would in any way account for the conduct of his stomach. They gave him medicines which, for all the effect they had might as well have been poured into a rat hole.

The masseurs generated artificial warmth and artificial muscular exercise, but the stomach paid no attention whatever. It was resting, and refused to be disturbed. Again Mr. Blaine was brought to the edge of death. When the doctors despaired of bringing him around, when his family had abandoned hope, the stomach started up with vigor. In a few days Mr. Blaine was in his usual health, and the public was astonished to find that he was looking and acting as if no sickness had troubled him in years.

Studied the Case.

Eminent physicians made a study of his case. They arranged diets for him. They speculated as to the causes, and they were pretty well agreed that, back of this curious conduct of the stomach lay some serious organic trouble, but no one could tell why the stomach went on a strike without warning, and why it suddenly resumed its work without reason.

Within the past year the stoppings and startings of the stomach have grown more frequent, and each time the stomach has stopped, it has taken a longer rest.

"And," continued the doctor who gives this explanation, "who can wonder that Mr. Blaine is morbid about his health when his stomach has stopped acting. No one can tell him how to start it again. There is no certainty that it ever will start again. Each time he goes nearer to death, and each time returns after a longer time, and with more difficulty. You can imagine what it means to Mr. Blaine and his family when his stomach has gone into a death like trance, as it were, and when no one knows whether it will ever resume its duties again."

The physician who does not wish his name to appear, is very positive in asserting that this is the truth about Mr. Blaine. He has learned it, he says, from personal examinations and from numerous talks with Mr. Blaine's physicians.

No Change to Be Noted.

Washington, Jan. 17.—Up to 7:30 o'clock this morning there was no change to be noted in Mr. Blaine's condition. The house had been closed all night and neither the doctors nor any one else has either entered or left it, which would indicate that the night has been a comfortable one for the sick man.

THE CANAL PLAN.

Congress Will be Asked to Ascertain Whether It is Feasible—The Convention Last Week in Washington.

Washington, Jan. 13.—After the adjournment of the canal convention yesterday, the committee on resolutions met and adopted resolutions.

The resolutions will ask of Congress an appropriation to make a survey, and thus determine whether or not a ship canal from the lakes to the sea is feasible. At the evening session a number of Congressmen were present, pursuant to invitation from the executive committee. The principal address was made by Secretary Thompson, who presented economic and strategic arguments in favor of the scheme. He was followed by Representative Chipman, of Detroit, who said that Congress was committed to the enterprise, and advocated its construction in order to demonstrate to Canada that she did not, and would not, control the traffic from the lakes to the sea. When convinced of this, she would make as desirable a neighbor as need be. Stop her policy of irritation towards the United States and prepare for annexation with the Union, which was her ultimate destiny.

Representative Enochs, of Ohio evoked applause by the statement that he was in favor of, and would vote for the appropriation of "a thousand millions up to $500,000,000, to build the ship canal, when ascertained by engineers that it was feasible; but he wanted the friends of the enterprise to remember that the people of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys were interested in the construction of a fourteen-foot canal, to unite the Ohio with the great lakes. Brief speeches were made by Representative Bentley, of New York, and Gen. Harrison Allen, of Dakota.

On the Reading Combine.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The special committee of the House, which has been investigating the Reading railroad anthracite coal combination, met this morning, discussed the testimony taken and directed Mr. Patterson, of Tennessee, to formulate a report to the House. The committee will make recommendations, and will not simply report the testimony taken.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE PREPARING

To Punish Royalist Traitors and Pretenders—Royalist Plan is to Overthrow the French Republic by Some Means or Other.

Paris, Jan. 17.—The government will soon strike a blow. It is reported on excellent authority that there is now ample evidence of a royalist conspiracy, and that arrests will be made at an early date.

The conspiracy has been hatched in London and Madrid and the Count of Paris, instead of having been especially close in expenditures of late for the royalist cause, has been unusually lavish. He is not himself managing any details, and it is not desired that he should; but his leading representatives are more active than ever.

Royalist influence and funds had much to do with the recent activity in revolutionary circles in Paris, and it is reported that much of the applause of the extremist speakers at the Tivoli Vauxhall was furnished by paid royalist claqueurs.

The royalist plan appears to be to overthrow the republic by some means, no matter what the means are, and to foment and promote disorder in the hope that the French people will turn to the Count of Paris or the Duke of Orleans for rescue or protection. The headquarters of the royalist-socialist intrigue just now is said to be the Maison du Peuple, and it is there that the police through their spies have acquired much valuable information as to the designs of the enemies of the republic.

Hot-Bed of Revolution.

The Madison du Peuple is a modest structure on the Heights of Montmartre, access to which is by no means easy. It was built by the people, and for the people. Like the bourse du Travail, of which it may be called a second addition, it was originally intended for the free and gratuitous discussion of everything concerning the working classes, but both have degenerated into hot-beds of revolution.

It is there that all the insurrectionary demonstrations are prepared. The Maison du Peuple contains a hall capable of holding a thousand persons. It is decorated with red blood flags, bearing revolutionary inscriptions; the platform is covered with red draperies, and overhead are two busts of the republic, with the Phrygian cap, also surrounded with red flags; in fact everything is red and everything reminds us of the reign of terror.

Meetings are held three times a week; when the flow of soul is more apparent than the feast of reason, for there is a large refreshment bar, which is well patronized. No doubt the intention was good when the Maison was constructed; it was to be confined to social questions of a high order, but in France the line is so difficult to draw between socialism and revolution that no wonder the anarchists soon got possession of it, and it is now regarded by the public with an evil eye. There is no doubt that as far as the extreme socialists are concerned the Propagande par le Fait is again in the ascendant, and this exactly suits the Royalist plotters.

PANAMA SHAREHOLDERS MEET.

Executive Committee to be Formed and Aid Applied For.

Paris, Jan. 16.—The meeting of Panama shareholders and bondholders resolved to form an executive committee with 25,000,000 francs capital, and then apply for state aid. Count Keratry was appointed delegate to Washington to open negotiations with the United States government. Another delegate will be appointed to negotiate with the Colombian government.

Before the meeting was called to order, the men present passed their time in denouncing the Panama bribe givers and bribe takers, and M. Monchicourt, the judicial liquidator of the Panama company. Gen. Saussier called upon President Carnot to deny the truth of the Figaro's insinuation that he was a candidate for the Presidency.

VOLUME VERY RARELY BOUND.

How a Countess's Last Wish Was Carried Out.

Paris, Jan. 16.—M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known astronomical correspondent at the country seat of a certain count and countess, whose name he requested the Herald's correspondent to suppress. The countess was of foreign origin. Her husband's seat is in the department of Jura. She was dying with consumption and became deeply impressed with M. Flammarion's accounts of his scientific flights to siderial regions. She became imbued with his theory of the plurality of inhabitable worlds, and this enabled her to await the inevitably fatal termination of her disease with calm resignation, perhaps with hope that death might only prove a transition to Mars or some other planet or celestial world.

In the due course of time, M. Flammarion's visit came to an end. He returned to his observatory at Juivissy and forgot, in the absorption of astronomical studies, all about his hostess at the chateau amid the mountains of the Jura. Some time ago a package arrived at the observatory, accompanied by a letter in a black-edged envelope. The package and letter were received by Mme. Flammarion, who, on examining the contents, found that the package contained a large piece of white skin, very thick and most cold to the touch. The letter read as follows:

"Dear Sir:—I hereby carry out the dying wishes of a woman who strangely liked you. She made me swear to send you, the day following her death, the skin from those beautiful shoulders which you so much admired the evening you were bidding her farewell. Her desire is that you have bound in this skin the first copy of the first work that you shall have published after her death. I forward, my dear sir, this legacy, as I have vowed to do."

The letter was signed by a well-known medical practitioner of the Jura.

"As a matter of fact," said M. Flammarion, "I had admired the beautiful shoulders of the countess on the evening I last saw her, and when she was in a dinner toilette. What was I to do with this strange legacy? I was tempted to send it back, but on reflection, I determined to carry out the wish of the dead woman, whom I remembered with pleasure. Accordingly I sent it to a tanner, who worked on it for three months, and he sent it back beautifully prepared. I have just had my last work, 'Terre et Ciel,' bound with it. Here is the volume."

The binding is not only unique, but exceedingly handsome. On it is stamped, in gold letters, the words, "Souvenir d'une Morte."

The Panama Canal.

Panama, Jan. 14.—President Nunez, of the United States of Colombia, sends a telegram from Cartagena, under date of January 12, stating that congress has approved a law giving an extension of time for the construction of the Panama canal.

Coming Encyclical.

Rome, Jan. 14.—Pope Leo is said to be greatly interested in the situation in Ampleos and desirous of putting an end to the ecclesiastical differences existing there. With this purpose the pope is preparing an encyclical to the American episcopate, advising harmony among the bishops.

A GREAT CONSPIRACY

In the United States to Separate from the Mother Church at Rome—An American Pope is Proposed.

London, Jan. 16.—A significant rumor comes from the foreign office concerning Catholic church affairs. It is declared the British minister in Rome has informed the government through Lord Roseberry that the Vatican is greatly disturbed over the condition of affairs in the United States. Archbishop Vaughan has been communicated with, it is alleged, to the effect that a very great peril menaces the interest of the Pope in the United States.

So far as can be ascertained, a plot has been discovered, having as its basis a separation of the church in America from the mother church in Rome, and the creation of an independent body, with a head selected by the American bishops.

The idea seems to be the creation of a body similar in some respects to the Greek church in Russia, with a responsible head, with powers equal to the metropolitan in that country.

Dr. Vaughan declines to discuss the matter, but it is known that he has given certain counsel tending to counteract the alleged conspiracy to create an American pope for America.

TO RESIDE AT WASHINGTON.

Satolli's Appointment Means a Rebuke to Archbishop Corrigan.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Mgr. Satolli confirms the belief that the pope is seriously displeased at the manner in which his legate to America has been treated by certain ecclesiastics. Bishop Keane, in whom Mgr. Satolli reposes entire confidence, spoke authoritatively: "I have no information whatsoever," said he, "in regard to the alleged protests sent by the archbishop of New York, and do not know that the pope's action was occasioned thereby, but I do know that the holy father considers that his legate has not been threated with proper respect, that he feels it keenly and that

MGR. SATOLLI.

he is fully determined to assert the authority of his representative."

"Do you consider that this action is a rebuke to Archbishop Corrigan?" he was asked.

"Not of necessity, for the reason that the charges, formulated principally by the press, have not been proven, and because I am not as yet thoroughly convinced that he has ever filed protests.

Ireland Justified.

"It is, however, a complete justification of Archbishop Ireland. The establishment of what has been aptly termed a supreme court in America, is due to the fact that the holy father, after considering the existing state of affairs in the church, believed this to be the opportunity for establishing his delegation.

"The step had been under advisement for some time past. Transactions in regard to even the minute details required one month for settlement through the medium of correspondence. As to the powers conferred upon the new legate, any bishop can still go directly to the Holy See for consideration of any point of issue, but the probabilities are that all matters pertaining to the church in the United States will hereafter be referred to Mgr. Satolli.

"Where will be the headquarters of the delegation?"

"Mgr. Satolli will reside in the Catholic University of this city for some months to come, and Washington will certainly be the seat of his delegation."

"In regard to the letters stolen from Rome, have you any information as to how they were obtained?"

"None whatever. This is a remarkable fact, unique in the history of the church. I know positively that letters were stolen, and with the intention of doing harm to Archbishop Ireland. Future investigation by the Holy See will make plain by whom and at whose instigation the deed was done. It was a thievery to take the letters; it is blackmail to use them as they have endeavored.

"No, the author of the deed is not necessarily in authority, as servants could have access to them and bribery is possible. Mgr. Satolli received a letter from the San Francisco party, Dreing, in which a desire for the negotiation for copies of these letters was expressed.

Dreing is a Tool.

"He replied, 'If you have the right spirit as a man and a Catholic send me the originals.' Dreing is an obscure party who is being used as a tool, by whom I cannot positively state. The letters were written by Archbishop Ireland and his friends, and contain nothing which would work detriment to himself, so we are not concerned in the recovery.

"These people have undertaken a bad job," continued the bishop, with a degree of warmth, "and have got hold of the wrong man when they endeavor to discredit Archbishop Ireland with the Holy See and the American people. The holy father knows his worth, and esteems him for his wisdom and piety, and will not be influenced against him."

"Do you think this will result in his elevation to the cardinalate?"

"As to that I can only surmise. I can only guess as to the influence upon Archbishop Corrigan. The statement that spies have been placed upon bishops I am inclined to discredit. None have ever bothered me. The worst feature of this controversy has been the interference of laymen and the use of the press for mendacious articles. Some of the archbishops were greatly opposed to the establishment of a papal delegation here, but now that the Holy Father has settled it, as a matter of course it will be received in the proper spirit."

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Of New York, and His Feud With Ireland and Satolli.

The controversies arising from the McGlynn re-instatement and Satolli's mission in America have not yet reached a settlement. The friends of Archbishop Corrigan declare that the appointment of Satolli as a papal legate in America was brought about through the intrigues of Archbishop Ireland, and that Satolli, under the influence of Ireland, Bishop Keane and Cardinal Gibbons, is incapable of doing justice to Garrigan.

But McGlynn's friends assert that Mgr. Satolli's decision is a condemnation of the unjust methods pursued by Corrigan, who, they claim, deliberately deceived the authorities in Rome regarding the nature and extent of McGlynn's offending. Corrigan is also charged with discourtesy to Satolli when the latter came to America last October and before the prelate's commission was made known.

But while the discussion goes on, Corrigan says but little. He has written the following for publication: "The archbishop has learned with great pleas-

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

ure of the good news of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the most reverend delegate apostolic his thankfulness for the good offices his excellency has rendered in the premises." In spite of these words, however, there is undisguised war between the Corrigan and the McGlynn party.

M. RIBOT'S NEW MINISTRY.

M. Tirard, Minister of Finance—Sketches of the New Men.

Paris, Jan. 11.—M. Ribot was successful in his effort to form a ministry. It is as follows:

M. Ribot, premier and minister of the Interior.
M. Develle, Foreign Affairs.
M. Tirard, Finance.
M. Bourgeois, Justice.
Gen. Lozzillon, War.
M. Burdeau, Colonies and Marine.
M. Dupuy, Instruction.
M. Viger, Agriculture.
M. Siegfried, Commerce.
M. Viette, Works.

The most notable difference between this Cabinet and its predecessor is shown by the absence of M. De Freycinet and M. Loubet. M. Loubet's lukewarmness as regards investigation of the the Panama scandal has been ill-concealed. In fact, he has declared, in a newspaper interview, that the deputies had rushed into the inquiry with reprehensible recklessness of consequences. M. De Freycinet, who has been minister of War in several Cabinets, has been mentioned frequently among the possible victims of the Panama scandal. M. Ribot has exchanged the ministry of Foreign Affairs for the temporarily more important post of the ministry of the Interior. M. Develle has assumed the ministry of Foreign Affairs thus vacated, relinquishing the portfolio of Agriculture to M. Viger, a new man.

M. Tirard retains the portfolio of Finance, and M. Bourgeois, whose probing policy in the Panama matter caused much dissension in the last Cabinet, still holds the all-important department of Justice.

WILL CONNECT THE EMPIRE.

The Dominion Government Takes Action as to the Cable.

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 12.—The Dominion government has taken action in regard to the memorial from Canadian boards of trade urging the appointment of a special commission to inquire into the most feasible means of completing the telegraphic system within the empire, including a cable from British Columbia to Australia.

The estimated cost of the trans-Atlantic cable is ten million dollars. A contract has already been entered into between the colony of Queensland, Australia, and La Societa des Telegraphes Sousmarins for a cable from Brisbane, the capital, to New Caledonia, Fiji, Samoa and the Sandwich Islands. The idea of the promoters is to extend it to America. The company has the option of making the terminus at San Francisco or Vancouver, consequently Canada will refuse to grant a subsidy, unless the cable extends directly to British soil.

John C. New on the Senate Quarrantine Bill.

London, Jan. 13.—Consul General New said in an interview that the speed with which the quarantine bill passed the Senate is noteworthy as evidence of the virtually unanimous feeling among Americans in regard to the measure. It shows, moreover, to the world that the American people are determined to prevent the importation of disease and to debar pestilence from taking root in American soil.

The action of the Senate is especially noteworthy in view of the approaching World's Fair, and the unanimity with which the bill was passed, makes it certain that the House of Representatives will pass this measure either in its present form, or if not in that form, then in some form that will ensure the strictest quarantine, maintained by the resources of national authority.

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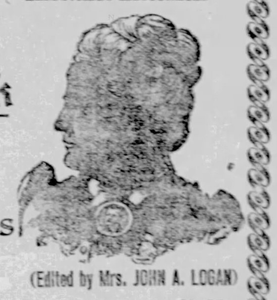

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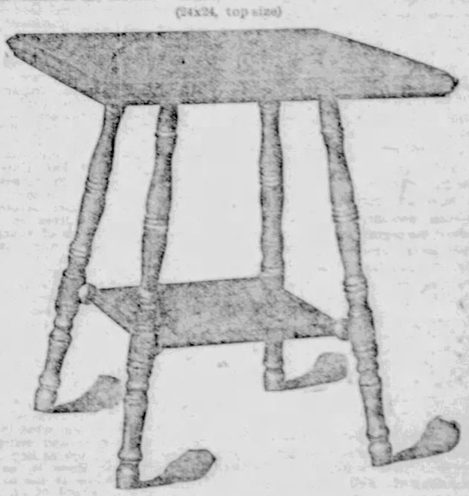

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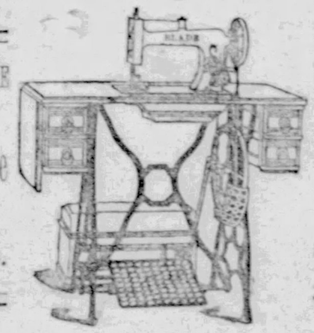

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WASHINGTON NEWS.

52D CONGRESS—2D SESSION.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Silver question occupied the time of the Senate. McPherson and Aldrich led the discussion.

House.—Committee on banking and currency voted to push the Andrews bill for the repeal of the silver bullion law. Private bills passed.

January, 10.—Senate—Bill passed: Granting additional quarantine powers and imposing additional duties upon the secretary of the Treasury.

House—Bill passed: Allowing the Norfolk and Western road to extend its line into the District of Columbia. The Crain joint resolution proposing amendments to the constitution substituting the 31st day of December for the 4th of March as the commencement and termination of the official terms of members of Congress was debated at some length.

January 11.—Senate—The death of Senator John E. Kenna was announced by Mr. Blackburn, when, as a further mark of respect, the Senate adjourned.

House—The bill repealing the silver-purchase act was reported from the committee on Banking and Currency, by Mr. Cate (D., Ark.) and placed upon the calendar. The death of Hon. John E. Kenna was announced, and the House adjourned.

January 12.—Senate.—The chamber was occupied by funeral services of late Senator Kenna.

House.—The body attended the funeral of Senator John E. Kenna. The bill to promote the efficiency of the militia was taken up but not disposed of.

January 13.—Senate—Bill passed: To extend to the North Pacific ocean the provisions of statutes for protection of fur seals and other fur-bearing animals. The McGarrahan bill was taken up, and after a speech against it by Mr. Mills (D., Tex.), it went over till Monday next and the anti-option bill was taken up.

House — The Republicans filibustered against a private bill day in the House, as the calendar was full of war-claim measures, which they did not wish to have considered, but a quorum was secured and private business had now the right of way, but nothing was done.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS MEET.

Twenty-Fifth Convention Begun at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The 25th annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage association will be held in this city this week, continuing over Thursday. Yesterday afternoon there were religious exercises in Metzerott's music hall, where the sessions of the

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

convention will be held preliminary to the gathering. W. H. Thomas, of Chicago, took part, and the sermon was furnished by Rev. Inna F. Eastman, of New York, from the words in Isaiah 43, 9-12.

There were about 75 members present at the session to-day. Others are arriving by every train, and it is expected that the meeting will be one of the most successful in the history of the association. On the stage were Miss Susan B. Anthony, president; Rev. Anna H. Shaw, vice president; Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, secretary; Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell, recording secretary, and the treasurer, Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton. The meeting was called to order by Miss Anthony. Mrs. Shaw, the vice president, spoke of her work in organizing local associations, especially in Kansas. Good progress had been made.

Mrs. Avery, in her report, stated that there were now 35 state auxiliary organizations doing active work, those most recently organized being in Florida and Louisiana. In addition to the state associations, there were now about 250 county and other local associations. The national association was shown to have an active membership of 13,150. The report of Mrs. Upton, the treasurer, showed the association to be in a satisfactory financial condition.

GOLD OUTPUT TO BE REDUCED

By Reason of Large Disbursements by the Bank of France.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Mr. Leech, director of the mint, has received a cablegram from Paris stating that the Bank of France is disbursing gold heavily for the reason that the limit of the lawful note issue has been reached and also because of the recent large withdrawal of notes by banks and others for the purpose of increasing their reserves.

It is believed at the Treasury department that the large disbursements of gold by the Bank of France, which is directly contrary to the policy it has pursued during the past ten years will have the effect to sensibly reduce the export of gold from the United States. The Bank of France, it is stated, has $300,000,000 of gold in its vaults, the accumulation of years.

THE CONSULAR SEAL QUESTION.

The Cabinet Fully Discussed the Matter Yesterday.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The Cabinet yesterday discussed at some length the question of suspending the operation of the consular seal system on Canadian railroads. The attorney general gave his views as to the power of the President in the premises, and it is understood, held to the conclusion formerly advanced by him that the President could not suspend its operation, that power being reposed in Congress.

There were others who differed with him, the argument being advanced that goods from Japan and China, which come in under the consular seal system, were clearly not from contiguous foreign countries, and therefore not entitled to the privilege.. It was also pointed out that these goods, on entry, were treated as foreign importations. The immigration subject was also discussed.

PERMANENT CENSUS BUREAU.

House Committee Adopted Resolutions Favoring It.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The House committee on the Eleventh Census today adopted a resolution declaring in favor of a permanent census bureau, and authorized Mr. Wilcox, of Connecticut, chairman of the committee, to appoint a sub-committee to draft a bill for this purpose, and submit it to the full committee at the next meeting.

A resolution was also favorably reported on, requesting the secretary of the Interior to inform the House whether or not manufacturers and sugar refiners had refused to answer such questions and furnish such information as had been requested by the census bureau relative to their business. It has been alleged that the American Sugar Refining company, or the sugar trust, has avoided furnishing this information.

FROM BUT TWELVE STATES.

The Vice President Receiving Them Slowly.

Washington, Jan. 14.—Vice President Morton has received up to this time electoral returns by messenger from twelve states, viz.: Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshier, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Vermont and West Virginia. The foregoing states had previously sent copies by mail.

The following states have sent returns by mail, but messengers not yet reported: Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

Carlisle Talks Freely.

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 14.—Senator Carlisle, while visiting at his former home in Covington, Ky., talked freely about his acceptance of the office of secretary of the Treasury. He said that it was important that his successor should be elected in time to take his seat March 4, and that he would mail his resignation after he returned to Washington. It is understood that he has not yet formally notified Mr. Cleveland of his acceptance of the office.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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GENERAL NEWS.

THE WEATHER.

CANNOT FIND A PARALLEL.

Coldest Weather on Record Along the Atlantic Coast.

Baltimore, Jan. 16.—Dispatches to the Sun from all parts of Maryland show that the mercury marks below zero in the eastern shore counties, as well as in the western or mountain section of the state. Salisbury reports 10 degrees below zero, and in the country roundabout, birds, fowl and rabbits are found in large quantities frozen to death. There is much suffering among cattle on the marshes, and many will die. The Wicomico and Nanticoke rivers are frozen solid for miles, and in many places the ice is banked up five feet high in the lower Wicomico.

A dispatch from Ocean City states that the surf is frozen over for a quarter of a mile at sea, and snow drifts are so deep on the shore that the life-saving crew make their nightly tours with much difficulty. Considerable driftwood ashore at Ocean City points to a wreck not far off, but there is nothing to indicate the name of the lost vessel. Sinexpunt bay is frozen over, and ducks are so plentiful that they are offered at less than 40 cents a pair. Princess Anne reports that oyster business is at a standstill, and the town crowded with dredgers who have tramped from Cristfield and Deals Islands, where they were no longer needed, the ice making dredging impossible.

There is no record of such cold weather here before in the state, either in severity or duration, and the "oldest inhabitant" can not conjure a parallel.

Poor People Being Cared for in Various Ways.

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 16.—The chief of police has issued orders to bring into the station houses all destitute, unemployed people. Those of persons so arrested, who are found deserving, will be sent to the city infirmary, and the undeserving will be sent to the workhouse. This is believed to be better than establishing soup houses, which in the past has had the effect of inviting vagrants to the city.

President M. E. Ingalls has put freight trains on the Chesapeake & Ohio road at the disposal of the Cincinnati Enquirer in aid of its efforts to furnish coal at $3.50 per ton in single ton loads instead of at $5 and $6 as charged by coal dealers. It is believed the organized charities are abundantly equipped to meet all other cases of distress.

In the Central South.

Chicago, Jan. 16.—A special to a morning paper from Memphis, Tenn., says: Never in the history of the Central South has there been so much suffering from cold weather as at present. All rivers have been blocked with ice and snow, rendering passage over them impossible. Many trains are late and some have been abandoned by their suffering crews. The most intense suffering is prevalent among mountain people. The snow is from ten inches to three feet deep in Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina and Eastern Kentucky, and all kinds of labor have been suspended. Reports are received of more than a dozen people being frozen to death, but none of them are yet confirmed.

THE MERCURY IN RUSSIA.

Fallen to 79 Degrees Below the Zero Mark.

London, Jan. 16.—The weather throughout Europe is intensely cold. In Russia the mercury is reported to have fallen to 69 degrees centigrade below zero, and in Siberia to 79 degrees below zero.

Wood fires are kept burning in the streets of St. Petersburg for the benefit of wayfarers. Even the double windows of houses are coated with ice. In the south of Russia the mercury indicates 45 degrees of frost.

While a boatman of Colberg, Pomerania, was trying to release his ice-bound boat a sudden change of wind drove the boat with its owner out to sea. Twelve pilots tried to rescue the man, but were unable to up him on account of the ice. They then tried the rocket apparatus, but this also failed. The man doubtless perished of exposure in a fearful snow storm that was raging. All river and canal traffic in Germany is interrupted. Navigation on the Baltic has almost ceased. The pontoon bridges on the Rhine have been hauled in.

In some parts of Hungary the thermometer is 52 degrees below zero centigrade, and in Constantinople tram cars and cabs have stopped running, and snow has blocked all traffic in the suburbs. Even telegraphic communication in Turkey is generally interrupted. Many deaths from the cold have been reported.

The Country Blocked.

Vienna, Jan. 16.—More snow, accompanied by high winds has been blocking the country roads and interrupted railway traffic. A party of forty traveling in sledges were caught in a snow drift two miles from the city and were half buried before help could be summoned. After three hours all were rescued, several with feet or hands frozen.

MR. CLEVELAND'S INTENTIONS.

Will Commit His Inaugural Address to Memory.

New York, Jan. 11.—Several members of the Washington inauguration committee called on Mr. Cleveland to ascertain his wishes about certain details. Immediately upon Mr. Cleveland's arrival in Washington he will call on President Harrison at the White House. He will then return to the Arlington Hotel and an hour later President Harrison will call on Mr. Cleveland there. On the morning of the inauguration the Senate committee appointed to accompany Mr. Cleveland will call at the Arlington Hotel and escort him to the White House.

The President-elect and President Harrison will then be driven to the Capitol. The outgoing President will be accompanied by his Cabinet and Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet will also come on behind him. During Mr. Cleveland's inaugural address, President Harrison and his Cabinet will have front seats and Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet will be just alongside of him. Most Presidents have stood before the multitude and read from manuscript what they have to say. It is said that Mr. Cleveland will commit his inaugural address to memory and do away with the use of manuscript.

Ravages of Hog Cholera.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Jan. 14.—Northern Marshall county is almost destitute of hogs, young or old, to-day, owing to the ravages of cholera. Out of a herd of 300 Ex-Senator Mills has less than 50 left.

Fairbury, Ill., Jan. 14.—The hog cholera has made its appearance in large herds some ten miles south of this city. The porkers are dying fast, and the stockmen have become alarmed and are disposing of all the hogs on their farms, including those on hand for stock hogs.

Hillsboro, Ill., Jan. 14.—Cholera has made its appearance among the hogs in Auburn township northeast of here. One farmer has already lost $500 worth of fat hogs and many others are sick in that vicinity.

The United States Supreme court to-day advanced the case of Petibone et al, the striking Coeur d'Alene miners in Idaho, against the United States, and assigned it for hearing Monday, January 30. On February 6, the court will take its usual February recess, reassembling March 4.

MR. HAYES ILL.

Stricken With Neuralgia of the Heart at Cleveland and Conveyed to His Fremont Home—What the Physician Says.

Fremont, O., Jan. 27.—(Special.)—The illness of ex-President R. B. Hayes is the general topic of discussion in this city to-day, and the outcome is anxiously awaited by all who know the general as a warm friend and benefactor of every class of people in this city. The news was received with surprise, as it was believed he was only suffering with a bad cold.

Last Monday, January 9, the ex-President left home on a short trip to Columbus, Buffalo and Cleveland, spending a couple of days at the latter-named

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

place as the guest of his son, Webb C. Hayes, who has been located there for a long time, and is connected with the Thomson-Houston Carbon company. Saturday the ex-President decided to return, when he was very suddenly attacked with neuralgia of the heart, or angina pectoris. A message was immediately wired to his son, Rutherford B. Hayes, who is located in this city, and is connected with the Fremont Savings bank as cashier. The homeward journey was then begun, the general being accompanied by Webb, and the trip being made on No. 2 of the L. S. & M. S railway.

Arriving in this city they were met at the depot by Rutherford B. Hayes with a carriage, and Dr. F. S. Hilbrsch, the family physician. Entering the carriage they were rapidly conveyed to the Hayes mansion in Spiegel grove, near the outskirts of the city.

The general was immediately placed in bed, and every attention given him that night, Sunday, and up to the present time. Dr. Hilbrsh remained with him all night, and spent the most of Sunday, yesterday, and all of last night with the stricken man.

Dr. Hilbrsh is one of the best known physicians of this city, and during the last illness of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, was one of the two attending physicans; Dr. J. B. Rice, the other physician, died Saturday, and will be buried this afternoon.

In an interview the doctor stated that the ex-President has experienced one or two attacks of heart neuralgia during the past month, but that, as they quickly disappeared, little thought was given them; but on Saturday, while at Cleveland, he again experienced a recurrence of it in more or less severe form. He stated he had partly recovered, but that the general was not yet out of danger last night.

This morning he again stated that the condition of Gen. Hayes was practically the same, no change in his condition having yet occurred since the return from Cleveland.

The Hayes mansion is a scene of quietness, and no one is permitted to disturb, in any manner, the rest of the stricken man. Those of the Hayes family who are present are Miss Frances, Webb C. and Rutherford P. Hayes. Birchard is at Toledo, while Scott is in Cincinnati.

All morning telegrams of condolence are rapidly coming in from all parts of the country, showing the respect and high regard with which the general is held. The outcome is anxiously awaited, and the prayer of Fremont's citizens is that the ex-President will speedily recover. Gen. Hayes's health has been considered very good. He has always presented a hale and hearty appearance, and the news of his sudden illness comes with more surprise than would otherwise have been felt.

Fremont, O., Jan. 17.—(Special.)—The condition of Gen. Hayes at 1 p. m. was reported about the same as in the morning, which was slightly better than at any time since the attack. Dr. Hilbish has spent most of the day at the general's bedside, and is there at present. He states that the general is not yet out of danger.

THEY WANT MORE WAGES.

May Be a Big Strike at Chicago Next Spring.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—Every trade engaged in the building line in Chicago will make a demand for increased pay April 1. In addition to the demand for an increase in wages, all the unions will insist on an agreement with the contractors to employ only union men in their respective lines of work. Both these demands have already been decided on by the Building Trades council, and only await ratification by the unions represented in the central body. So far as the refusal to work with non-union men is concerned, the point has been practically settled, as the delegates to the council have already been instructed by their respective unions to insist upon that stipulation in future agreements with contractors.

The individual unions are at present busy with the question of what increase in wages will be asked under the new agreement. With the exception of the bricklayers' union, which has an agreement with the contractors which runs nearly two years longer, all the other unions engaged in the building line are prepared to make the demands mentioned.

WOOL MANUFACTURERS MEET.

Strong Resolutions Adopted Thursday at New York.

New York, Jan. 13.—At the meeting of the National Wool Manufacturers yesterday, resolutions were adopted in favor of retaining the existing tariff on wool. The resolution said substantially: "The proposed economic changes in the tariff in response to any demand from the industry we represent, eighty per cent of the manufacturers of the country having joined in protesting against the passage of the free wool bill now before Congress, which protest is hereby reaffirmed. We invite the attention of Congress to the fact that woolen goods are manufactured nearly a year in advance of the season for whose wear they are adapted, and that, in consequence, any law simultaneously removing the duty on wool will compel the whole domestic production of a season manufactured from duty paid wool to compete in the markets with foreign goods manufactured from free wool. The so-called Springer bill doubly discriminates against the domestic manufacture in this respect by admitting at reduced rates, simultaneously with the repeal of the wool duties, all foreign goods imported prior to its passage and held in bond. A year should elapse after the wool duties disappear before the compensatory duties are repealed."

CAR LOAD OF GIRLS WANTED.

Husbands Plenty as Blackberries in South Dakota.

New York, Jan. 13.—The Rev. Father Gallaghan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, has received a novel request from hotelkeeper Dineen, of Huron, S. D., through Father Brown, of St. Vincent's church, at Springfield, S. D.

Mr. Dineen said that he and neighbors wanted a carload of marriageable Irish girls shipped to Huron. Mr. Dineen said that husbands were as abundant as blackberries in July, and that could be had for the asking in South Dakota. Those who were not anxious to marry at once could get steady employment and good wages for an indefinite period.

The establishment of a commission on the subject of "Social Evils" is contemplated in a bill introduced to-day by Senator Fryo. A committee of five persons is to be created, whose duty it shall be to investigate the social vice in all its phases, its relations to wages and labor, marriage and divorce, its connection with pauperism, to crime, etc., also to introduce into the practical results of legislation for the suppression of the evil in various states.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

THE KANSAS ROW.

Kansas House of Representatives Remains in Session All Night—Republicans Have a Majority of Two—Governor Memorialized.

Topeka, Kans., Jan. 11.—The rival houses of the Kansas legislature have been in continuous session in Representative hall since their organization yesterday. At 1 o'clock this morning, when it became apparent that no move could be made by the Populists until the Senate should meet this morning, an armed truce was declared, and each side relaxed somewhat its vigilance.

Speakers Douglass and Dunsmore agreed that neither side should attempt to transact business during the night, and they retired. Blankets were brought, and a joint bed was made up for the members behind the Speaker's desk, where they enjoyed more or less undisturbed repose. The other members of the two houses were less fortunate, being obliged to sleep in chairs, on the floor, or in any nook or corner not otherwise occupied.

During the night the Republicans prepared a memorial to the governor, signed by 64 members, who had certificates of election from the state canvassing board, certified to by the secretary of State, setting forth that they, a majority of two of the whole number of members, had participated in the Republican organization and petitioning him to recognize that body as the legally constituted House of Representatives.

Taken to the Governor.

This communication was taken to the governor at midnight. He was aroused and accepted the document, but told the committee presenting it that he had no statement to make. Among the signers to this document was James Wilson, the Independent member whose position up to that time had been uncertain. At 7 o'clock this morning, the members began to arouse themselves and to cast about for breakfast. Sandwiches and coffee were served in the cloak rooms, and then began a three hours' wait for the assembling of the Senate.

The Populists' plan for bringing things to an issue contemplated an important move at 10 o'clock, to which hour the Senate adjourned yesterday. The plan involved the recognition of the Populist House by the governor and Senate, which is ruled by a Populist majority. This being done, the Populist Speaker was to request the retirement of all persons not members of the House, including the members of the Republican House. If the latter declined to withdraw voluntarily, then the governor was to order the adjutant general to lend his assistance in forcing them out, the latter being authorized to order out the militia to enforce his orders.

Called to Order Simultaneously.

Both Houses were called to order simultaneously at 10 o'clock by the respective speakers, Mr. Douglass, the Republican speaker, made a short address, expressing the hope that the members would maintain order. Mr. Dunsmore, the Populist speaker, addressed the Populist House at the same time, so that neither knew what Mr. Douglass could be well understood. He made remarks to the same effect and out-talked Mr. Douglass.

The Republicans adopted a concurrent resolution providing for a joint committee of the House and Senate to wait upon the governor and inform him that both Houses were in session ready to receive communications from him. The Republicans then closed the legislative day of Tuesday, and adjourned until 10:15 this morning.

At 10:15 o'clock the Republicans were called to order. Two Populists answered by mistake to the Republican roll call, which showed technically 66 members present on the Republican side; in the meantime the Populists did nothing except await the return of their committees appointed to wait upon the governor and Senate.

Populist Caucus.

In the meantime a caucus of the Populist members of the Senate was held, at which it was decided that the committee from neither House would be received. This was the result of a conference between Attorney General Little, the Populist Senators and Governor Lewelling, at which it was decided that there was a question as to the legality of the organization of either, and that so long as there was any doubt neither House should be recognized. This was the plan counselled by the conservative members of the Populist House, who hope that some compromise may be effected, which will at the same time give them a majority in the House and amalgamate the two Houses.

The Senate met at 10 o'clock, and after the usual routine business adjourned until 2 o'clock this afternoon, declining to receive the committee from either House. While this condition of affairs obtained, the two Houses were still holding their respective forts in Representative Hall, waiting action by the Senate upon their concurrent resolutions. At 11 o'clock the committees returned and reported that the Senate had adjourned, and had declined to receive them.

Then the two Houses lapsed again into a period of impatient waiting; the Populists at 11:15 adjourned their legislative session of Tuesday, but began the legislative day of Wednesday.

The action of the Senate in declining to recognize the Populist House has upset the Populist plan to force the House question to an issue. The developments up to this time have been kaleidoscopic in their changes, and there is no telling what particular phase of the situation the next turn of the wheel may present.

THE NEW BATTLE SHIP IOWA.

Contract Awarded to the Cramps on Wednesday Last.

New York, Jan. 16.—The contract for the new battle-ship Iowa was awarded on Wednesday last, and herewith is given particulars of the vessel's plans. Although the tonnage was fixed by the act making the appropriation at about 9,000 tons, the same as the three battleships already building, the department has evolved a craft considerably above the limit of displacement, but still within the monetary limit fixed by Congress.

The Iowa's hull will be of steel, with a double bottom and close, water-tight subdivision to about ten feet above the load water-line. She will have one military mast, with fighting tops, but will carry no sail.

The ship's battery is to consist of the following: Four 12-inch, breech-loading rifles, eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles, six 4-inch rapid-fire rifles, twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four gatlings and one field gun.

HOLMES' COMET AGAIN VISIBLE

Moving Slowly Eastward It Appears Like a Hazy Star.

Lick Observatory, Cal., Jan. 17.—Last night Prof. Barnard found that Holmes's comet has undergone another remarkable change. The comet is now again visible. In a very small telescope it appears like a hazy star of the seventh or eighth magnitude. In a twelve inch telescope, it is small, round and strongly condensed with small nucleus. The micrometer measures its diameter at 28 seconds of an arc.

This comet, which was so singularly well defined when discovered by Holmes, Nov. 6, rapidly expanded and all but melted into invisibility, being excessively diffused and faint. The position of the comet at Greenwich, at noon, on January 17, will be right ascension 1 hour 22 minutes, north declination 33 degrees, 39 minutes. It is moving slowly east.

MURPHY WINS.

The Democratic Machine in New York Whacks Mr. Cleveland Just Below the Belt—Murphy Won the Fight Hands Down.

Albany, Jan. 11.—It was shown last night that Senator Hill and Tammany are in control of affairs in the Empire State. The nomination of Edward Murphy, of Troy, for United States

EDWARD MURPHY, JR.

Senator, against the protest of President-elect Cleveland, demonstrated conclusively that Tammany has no use for the coming national executive, and that its support of the national Democratic ticket last fall was perfunctory, and not because of any love for Cleveland.

Hill's friends were in line for the Troy man, and he won, in a fight too one-sided to be of interest.

Murphy Announced.

After the caucus had been called to order, Senator Cantor arose and congratulated the members of the caucus on being in a position to elect a Democratic Senator. A political revolution had taken place, and this had made possible the election of a tried and loyal Democrat. He formally presented the name of the Hon. Edward Murphy, jr., of Troy, for the Senatorial nomination.

At the mention of Mr. Murphy's name the large audience began clapping, but this soon gave way to cheers, which were kept up for several minutes. Assemblyman Wm. M. Keenan, of the first Rensselaer district, seconded the nomination, in a speech eulogistic of the candidate.

The total number of votes cast was 90, of which Murphy received 85, and Bourke Cockran 5.

Gray Re-elected.

Dover, Del., Jan. 17.—Senator Joe Gray was to-day re-elected to the Senate without opposition.

Hale of Maine.

Augusta, Me., Jan. 17.—The ballot for senator resulted as follows: Eugene Hale, 28; Arthur Sewall, 1. House—Hale, 75; Sewall, 41, and Hale was declared elected.

The First Break.

Helena, Mont., Jan. 17.—The first break in the senatorial vote occurred to-day in joint session, when Bray and Matthews, two Populists, who have hitherto voted for Mulville, Populist, changed their votes to Dixon, Democrat. The result was: Sanders, 31; Clark, 23; Dixon, 11; Collins, 1; two paired.

Bate Will be Elected.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 17.—The Senate and House to-day voted for United States senator in separate session. The Senate vote stood: W. B. Bate, Democrat, 21; George W. Winstead, Republican, 6. The House voted: Bate, 67; Winstead, 25; A. E. Garrett, 2. Senator Bate will be declared elected to-morrow.

Faulkner and Camden.

Charleston, W. Va., Jan. 17.—Faulkner and Camden have combined. Faulkner will succeed himself and Camden will take the unexpired term of Senator Kenna. The caucus will be held to-night.

Turpie to Succeed Himself.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 17.—Both branches of the Indiana legislature balloted for United States senator to-day, this, under the state constitution, being a preliminary step toward the joint ballot to-morrow. Both Senator Turpie received the Democratic party vote, and a majority in each, and the formality of the election will be completed to-morrow. The Republicans voted solidly for Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, who was the unanimous choice of their caucus.

THE LEGISLATURE ILLEGAL.

Startling Rumor Concerning Nevada's Law-Makers.

Chicago, Jan. 12.—A special from San Francisco, Cal., says: R. M. Clarke, ex-attorney general of Nevada, says that the legislature of that state is an illegal body, not having been elected on the basis of population. He says a question has been raised touching the constitutionality of the act of 1891 apportioning representatives and incidentally questioning the power of the incoming legislature to elect a successor to Senator Stewart.

Dark Horse.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Jan. 11.—At noon the second legislative assembly of Wyoming convened. Interest centered in the House, where lively engineering was anticipated. The first move was a refusal to recognize Secretary of State Barber when he tried to call the House to order. Then Scott, of Converse county, was unseated in favor of Barber. J. D. Hurd was elected temporary speaker. Afterwards L. C. Tidball, Populist, from Sheridan county, was elected speaker. The Senatorial fight has not been so lively as during the preceding few days, and it is now thought by many that the early candidates will be slaughtered in favor of a dark horse.

Gov. White Inaugurated.

Denver, Col., Jan. 11.—The inauguration of Davis H. White, the eighth governor of Colorado as a state, took place yesterday afternoon at the Broadway theater, in the presence of both houses of the legislature and several thousand spectators.

Deadlock Broken.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 13.—The deadlock in the legislature was broken this morning, and the two houses met in joint session and canvassed votes. Governor Boyd's farewell message was read this afternoon and Governor Crounz duly installed, delivering his address.

CLEVELAND GOES TO LAKEWOOD

The Cottage Has Been Prepared for Their Occupancy.

New York, Jan. 13—President-elect Cleveland will leave this city to-day for Lakewood, N. J., where he will remain until a special train conveys him to Washington for his inauguration. He will be accompanied to Lakewood by Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth. The cottage which the Clevelands will occupy at Lakewood, is the same they used last season. It has been enlarged and re-furnished.

While the cottage is commonly known as the "Cleveland Cottage," it is in fact the private property of Nathan Straus, of this city. The house is built in the midst of a pine forest, about three blocks from the Lakewood hotel and about half a mile from the railroad station. There are no cottages near it.

Linemen were busy yesterday stringing wires to light up the grounds and the road leading to the cottage. The first floor of the cottage is divided into four rooms. On the right is the dining room, in the rear of which is the kitchen. The reception room and parlor are on the left with the private library of Mr. Cleveland in the rear. All of the sleeping departments are on the second floor. There too is the playroom and nursery of Miss Ruth.

POWDERLY IS A SOCIALIST.

The Knight of Labor Leader Makes a Frank Avowal.

Philadelphia, Jan. 12.—A special dispatch from Scranton, Pa., says that General Master Workman Powderly yesterday emerged from a retirement of some weeks to address a gathering of union carpenters in that city. During the course of his remarks he said:

"I am a socialist, and I say it without blushing. If the avowal brings condemnation, I am willing to take it. I am one of 65,000,000 socialists in this country. I believe the railroads are public highways and should be nationalized, and that the telegraph system should be owned and operated by the government. The people own the election system, streets, public schools, and are we afraid to go a step further and own the railroads and telegraph, which are more essential to the public?"

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EIGHTY MILLIONS OF CAPITAL.

Gigantic Lumber Trust Said to Have Been Formed.

Boston, Jan. 12,—There is apparently excellent authority for saying that a big lumber combine has been established by Maine and Massachusetts parties, which will practically control the entire lumber business of the United States. Charles Van Brunt, of Boston, and John Ross and Cornelius Murphy, of Bangor, are reported to be the promotors of the trust, the first named being the financial element in the concern, while the others are extensive lumber dealers and mill owners in Maine.

The syndicate is said to have secured 30,000 acres of lumber land in Maine, 25,000 acres in Florida, 30,000 acres in Kentucky and over 200,000 acres in New Mexico. It proposes to put up mills in Maine, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Illinois and New Mexico, and to sell direct to dealers. The syndicate is said to have a capital of $80,000,000. The Maine members of the trust have just returned from Kentucky, where they purchased the land mentioned above and they have now gone to Bangor, where they will begin at once to build mills. By dealing directly with builders the trust expects to be able to undersell the lumber dealers, great and small, and to fill contracts more expeditiously as well as more cheaply than can be done by anybody else.

THE VOLCANO MAUNA LOA.

The Whole Dome of the Mountain Is on Fire.

San Francisco, Jan. 13.—A private letter from Prof. Charlier, of New York, who has been spending several weeks at the Volcano House in Hawaii, gives some interesting details about the activity of the great Vocano Mauna Loa. He says the pit of the crater is fast filling with lava, and that the Columbian year will probably be marked by one of the greatest eruptions on record.

Every night the whole dome of the mountain is illuminated by the fires from the lava as if by a great electric light plant. Many severe earthquake shocks have been felt recently, and these are regarded by the natives as signs of an outbreak, just as the appearance of a peculiar red fish in Honolulu harbor has marked death in the Hawaiian royal family. The last great eruption was five years ago.

During the roll call in the Senate yesterday, a general laugh was provoked by the Vice President when Mr. Brice rose to vote calling him "the Senator from New York."

Finance and Trade.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Business World Does Not Fear Financial Embarrassment.

New York, Jan. 14.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade: In spite of the reports that more gold will go abroad, and in spite of uncertainties regarding legislation on the money question, the business world seems inclined to believe that there will be no serious financial embarrassment, especially as the average of commercial indebtedness is remarkably low and failures have been comparatively unimportant.

The Treasury has been disbursing freely since January 1, and very large returns of money from the interior have caused lower rates here. But foreign exchange advances and further exports of gold are expected. Merchandise imports continue fully up to last year's figures, while exports from New York for two weeks have declined $5,900,000 or over 30 per cent.

The business failures occuring throughout the country during the past seven days number 306. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 330.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Toledo, O., Jan. 17, 1893.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Jan. 17.	Jan. 10.
U. S. 4's coupons	113½	113½
U. S. 4's registered	113½	113½
U. S. 2's registered, 100 bid	100	
Pacific 6's '95	105	105

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

The close at Liverpool was steady, with January 1-2d higher and later months 1-2d lower. English country markets firm. There was a active business in the market's of this country for wheat. Prices held well up until well on toward the close, when there was a break and prices closed very weak.

The reports were a cause of firmness, but this against a showing of increase in contract wheat at Chicago, did not hold the market. The May future is manipulated at will by the Chicago clique. The cause of the sharp decline near the close was attributed to the certainty of the Hatch anti-option bill passing the United States Senate. In corn there was a good demand for export for a time, but it satisfied itself with wheat. The Toledo market may be depended upon as reflecting the true condition of the situation. The dealing is done on the basis of that which the stuff is actually worth, irrespective of speculation. It will be observed that May in this market is 1c below that of Chicago.

May wheat at Toledo closed 1c below best figures of the day; at Chicago it was off 1 1-2c from the top; at New York 1c, and at St. Louis 1-2c.

Corn at New York for May closed about 7-8c under top price, at 53 3-8c, and at Chicago it was 3-4c below highest point, at 48c.

Receipts at Chicago to-day: Wheat, cars, 258; contract, 53; corn, 250; contract 78; oats, 148; contract, 44. Estimates for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 115; corn, 90; oats, 75.

The Northwestern Miller reports the stock of wheat in private elevators of Minneapolis at 2,421,000 bushels, a gain over last week of 44,000 bushels. This makes the private and public stocks of Minneapolis 14,393,000, against 9,922,000 bushels a year. The aggregate stock of Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior is 50,411,327 bushels, an increase for the week of 272,863 bushels. A year ago the total stock in the three places was only 17,405,000 bushels.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 320,000 bushels, of which 80,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom, and 240,000 to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1892 were 1,100,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 were 27,020,000 bushels, of which 16,480,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom, and 10,540,000 bushels to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 46,104,000 bushels, of which 22,620,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom, and 23,484,000 bushels to the Continent.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE

The Close at Toledo.

Wheat was steady most of the time, but just at the close there was a decline, the market closing very weak. Corn held its steady figures. Clover seed was dull, but steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 70@75 1-2c, latter to close; No. 3 soft red, 70c. No. 3 soft red, May, 75 1-4c, latter selling early in the session.

May wheat, $1 3-4c, $1 7-8c, and finally $0 7-8c.

Prices of January and May wheat, today:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
January				75½
Chicago				75¾
St. Louis	70¾	70¾	70½	70½
May				
Toledo	81¾	81⅞	80⅞	80⅞
Chicago	82⅝	83¼	82¼	81⅞-82
New York	85¼	85¼	84¼	84½
St. Louis	76¾	76¾	76¼	76½

Corn—No. 2, 43 1-2c; No. 3, 43c; No. 3 yellow, 43c.

Rye—No. 2, 60c bid.

Clover seed—Prime cash, $3.85; March, $8.90. No. 2 seed, $8.55; reject $8; $7.75. Dressed hogs, $6.50. All weights, $6.50.

C. A. King & Co. report street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 75c; white wheat, 70c; corn, 42c; oats, 36@37c; rye, No. 3, 49c.

Toledo Produce Market.

During the past week fewer products were brought to market by farmers and gardeners than for the corresponding period in 1892, yet the market has been sufficiently supplied to meet the requirements of consumers, as people on account of the cold have got along with as little as possible. Prices of most things held firmly. Butter is in demand. Eggs are very scarce, and bring outside